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How Her Wedding was Arranged

By W. H. HICKS

With Illustrations by Mathilde Weil

In Two Parts: Part 1

JOHN HARKINS was in a terrible temper that evening, and Floss had tried in vain all her arts, save one, to soothe him. She would have tried that one had the old man only given her a chance, but every time she steered him to his big, easy chair he had evaded her and resumed his angry walk up and down the room. But Floss' patience with her father was boundless, and at last the old man's ponderous form was hovering over the chair; a moment later her gentle pressure had borne him to his seat.

"It's always your way, Floss," he said petulantly, "always sidin' with them boys against your father; helpin' them when they oppose me, knowin' I'm weak an' yieldin' now, weaker an'——"

The old man could say no more, for a tender but firm little hand was gently pressed upon his mouth.

Directly he was fairly settled in his chair, Floss had brought the most winsome of her arts to bear upon her father. She had nimbly perched herself on the arm of his chair and buried her fingers in his beard.

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John Harkins looked like a giant as he sat there with his little girl by his side; but he was not as strong as he appeared to be. John was day time-keeper in the railroad machine shops at Mountaintop, a sturdy suburb three miles from Chicago's western limits. It was called Mountaintop because the prairie there had a commanding altitude of fully two feet above the low-lying land surrounding it.

In early life John had been a California gold-hunter; later a famous engineer, until one day a stroke of paralysis had disabled him. When he recovered he was made time-keeper at the shops; then he moved to Mountaintop with his quite large family of boys and girls.

On the whole he bore his reverses with fortitude, but there were days when his soul rose in rebellion—these were the days in which his old vigor of mind and of body seemed to come back to him and his spirit chafed at the memory of his shorn strength. But there were other days—and they were the rule—when the time-keeper was but a feeble echo of the engineer; at such times the solace of resignation brought calm, and he came and went quietly and uncomplainingly, and spoke gently to all about him.

On the day that Floss found him so intractable he had been in rare vigor, and, as usual, everything had gone wrong with him. He had been quarrelsome at the shops, and when he reached home he began nagging at the boys. Then, after supper, when they had insisted on going out for the evening, in defiance of his wishes that they should stay at home, there had been a sad scene. "I don't say they're bad boys," the old man said as he lit the pipe Floss had filled, "but you can't deny they're onpolite. Your father's rough, but your mother was one of the politest of women, and the way your brothers are treating young Johnson is not doin' right by the way she raised 'em."

"Looks that way, maybe, dad, but——"

"It don't look that way; it is that way. James Johnson—as manly a lad as ever I met—calls here to see them four or five times a week, an' directly he comes them boys goes off an' leaves him. Makes you laugh, but I can't and won't."

"Was I laughing, dad?"

"You was laughin', which was wrong, an' blushin', which was right. I'm ashamed of 'em, too, an' if I wasn't such a weak an' yieldin' old man I'd have put my foot down before. That's what I'll do to-night. I'll—I'll——"

Floss turned pale, and her father hesitated a moment.

"It's too much," he complained, "to expect an old man like me an' a young gal like you to be entertainin' them boys' visitors night after night, and if James Johnson comes around this evening to see——"

"Yes, dad, he's coming. He——"

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When Floss noticed the flash of painful dismay that darted across her father's face, she trembled.

"How do you know he's coming?" the old man asked in an angry voice. "But I suppose the boys told you," he added, trying to reassure himself.

A long pause, a hard struggle, and then the girl, who seemed to the old man to spring suddenly into womanhood as she confronted him, answered bravely:

"No, dad, James told me. He's coming to talk to you this evening."

"What about?"

"Oh, dear dad!"

Floss was back in her old place and her lips were against his neck, but the little hand was too late to stop the groan that rose from his overburdened heart.

A long silence, and then Floss said, "You're not mad with the boys now?"

Tears came to her eyes as she felt her father's arms close around her and heard him softly say:

"No, Floss, not mad with anybody, but as sorry as a man can be—so sorry, dear."

He raised her until she was sitting upright, and then he asked her, half in fun and half in fear:

"When's it coming off?"

Floss hung her head as she answered, "In about a month."

Clinging to a hope that it might, after all, be a joke, the old man laughed as he asked:

"And where is your home to be?"

"Deacon Jones' new cottage," the girl replied, "and we've bought furniture and a dinner-set, and——"

The old man gasped as he realized the truth; then he asked:

"Spoken to the 'Squire about it?"

The girl hesitated and trembled as she replied, "No, dad, to the preacher."

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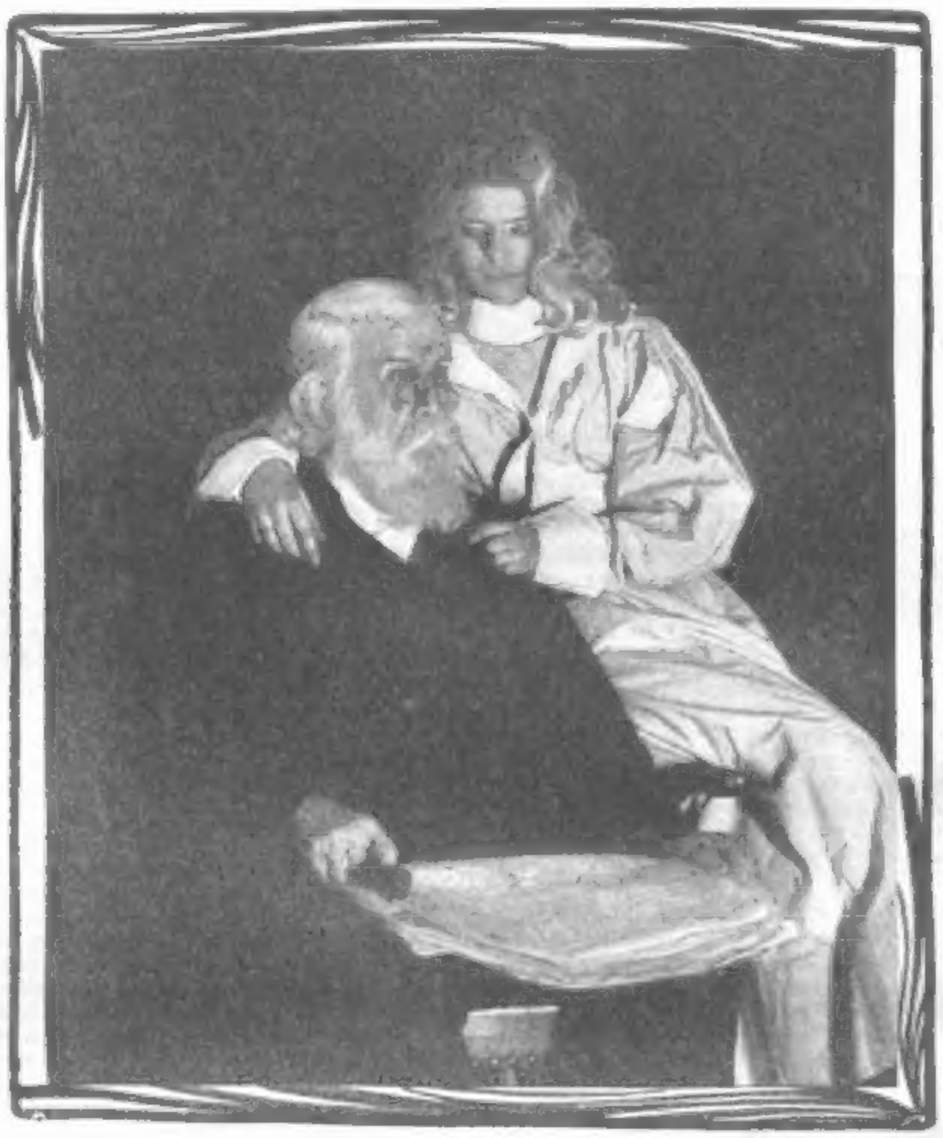
This was a crushing blow, and the old man, who had no love for preachers, put his child firmly from him, and rose and walked up and down the room.

"For fifteen years," he said, in a tremulous voice, "I have believed my little gal was a Harkins; and, oh, Floss, Floss, to find you're a Higgins—a Higgins just like the other gals, only more so—more so!"



"SHE NIMBLY PERCHED HERSELF ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR"

Floss looked up with a puzzled face while the old man walked and talked on with ever increasing energy.

"I was nigh on to thirty and your mother was just turned sixteen when she allowed she'd stop bein' a Higgins for my sake. An' all the boys, when they come, was Harkinses, an' all the gals was Higginses—all but one, I thought—an' now she's a bigger Higgins than all the rest that waited till they was eighteen or nineteen before lightin' out, an' you only sixteen an' wantin' to leave me—your old dad."

"Not to leave you, maybe."

"Now, there was Matilda," he went on, "a real comfort to her mother for sixteen years, till that Ioway farmer came along; an' there was Mary Jane, an' Eliza, an' Mandy, an' Martha—all of 'em goin' to school and helpin' your mother, an' promisin' well till the Higgins instinct breaks loose, an' they leave us alone with a lot of wild Harkins boys to worry us. Nothin' but boys an' noise in the house till my little Floss comes along an' brings comfort to her old father, after her mother goes and leaves me right in the middle of our second honeymoon."

The swiftness of his walk abated as he spoke. He stopped suddenly, sat down and beckoned the girl to his lap.

"Yes, Floss," he said, "your mother an' me had two honeymoons, and the last one was the sweetest of the two. The first month your mother and I lived together we was as happy as the day was long, but the trouble began soon after. It came of our both bein' sot. I'm weak and yieldin' now, but the day was when I was a very sot man; and your mother—well, there may have been softer women than her, but I never met 'em. I don't think I ever shall. We couldn't agree on religion, an' on going out in company, of which she was very fond, an' such things, which I never cared for. So, after the first month or so we began pullin' in opposite directions, an' we kept it up, neither one bein' willin' to give in, to nigh the end of the chapter—kept it up until just a month before you was born."

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Floss, who had been sitting upright, crept into her pet place and listened.

"One evenin', just about a month before you was born, your mother, who was poorly an' was lyin' on a lounge, called me over to her, just as I was goin' to work, and asked me if I would do her a favor. I was goin' to first ask her what it was, but when I see the tired look in her eyes an' thought of how few favors I had done her an' how good a wife she had been, I promised. An' she says to me, 'John,' she says, 'you've named all the children; if this one's a gal, may I name it?' 'Certainly,' says I, though it went against the grain, for names was one of the things we quarreled over, she wantin' highfalutin' ones out of novels and such, and me insistin' upon the good old plain ones. I asked her what name she had chosen, but she said, 'Wait till we see if it is a gal'; and that ended it, me supposin', of course, she wanted one of our gals called Mildred, after herself.

"It was right then that our second honeymoon began. I kissed away the happy tears that came to her eyes, and with those tears and kisses went all the trouble that had been between a man and wife for over twenty years. In the month that followed, we who had been pullin' apart so long learned how to pull together, and we drawed together closer and closer, till there was only one thing that could part us—and it did.

"Your mother died when you was born. We didn't expect it. The woman came to me two or three times an' said she was doin' well, but weak, and when at last she said, 'You may come now,' I shook with fear as I followed her. I sat on the bedside an' kissed my wife as I'd often done before in such times, but never before with so much love or so much fear. She was weaker'n I ever knew her, an' I was frightened when I see her try to lift the quilt an' couldn't. So I lifted it and—there you were! 'Boy or girl?' says I, as usual, and your mother's eyes lit up with the laughin' look that was often there when she was a girl. She raised a thin hand and pointed over to the baby, and her eyes got full of mischief and triumph as she pulled my face down to hers with her other hand, kissed me, laughed a little as though to say she got ahead of me that time, an' whispered into my ear, 'It's Floss.' That was the last word she ever spoke. She—— Hello, who's that?"

Both knew well who it was. Dashing aside her tears, Floss let in her handsome lover, who felt badly to find her in grief.

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After a little delay the young fellow declared his mission; told of his love for the girl and asked for her in a few manly words. When he had done the old man spoke up.

"I wish I could give you the gal, my boy, but I can't; leastways, not just now; that is to say, if you got married right away—I mean, I couldn't give you a father's blessin', and it's a poor weddin' that lacks that."

The young couple looked at one another aghast. They had expected stormy opposition, followed by a reluctant consent. The old man's regretful words suggested an insuperable barrier.

"If you'd come five minutes later, my boy, I'd have had it all explained to Floss, an' it would have been easier all around. It's this way: Every one of my gals left me when they was mere children, an' when Mandy, the second to the last, went off with that smooth-tongued drummer from St. Louis, I took Bill Starbottle's oath——"

"Bill Starbottle's oath!" gasped Floss.

"Yes, and you know what that means."

"I do," the girl said, turning pale.

"I don't," said the young man sternly.

"I'll tell you, boy. It's a bindin' oath. There's no breakin' of it. Is there, Floss?"

"No, dad; no."

"When Mandy left me I took Bill Starbottle's oath that no other daughter of mine should have my blessing that got married before she was five-and-twenty."

"And Floss was the only one left!" cried the young man, his soul rebelling against such unjust special legislation.

"The only one left," the old man echoed drearily.

"Seventeen years from twenty-five leaves eight," sighed Floss.

"Only eight years," groaned the old man apologetically.

"I could wait ten—twenty—years for you," said the young fellow.

"I could wait fifty," answered the girl between her sobs.

"But it's only eight," the old man said, by way of comfort, "and they'll soon pass."

The youth and girl said nothing further. The old man found in their silence a dutiful resignation to the inevitable, and, with one of those fitful changes peculiar to his condition, he seemed to consider that their silent submission was a particularly happy ending to the very unhappy situation. He became quite jolly in his contentment.

"Bring my pipe," he cried cheerily.

Then the young man tried him once more, but the old man only shook his head.

"Eight years—must we wait eight years, dad?" Floss asked in despair.

The old man, who had already begun to light his pipe, answered, "Certainly," between puffs, as calmly as though eight years from to-day could come up gracious and smiling to-morrow morning.

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Floss and James learned to face bravely the postponement of their marriage, but were cowards before some of its minor contingencies. Had they not leased Deacon Jones' new cottage for a year, paying a month's rent in advance? Had they not made a formidable first payment on furniture, and invested in pretty glass and china which the dealer was holding for delivery, and confided their intentions secretly to a few trustworthy friends, and even engaged the services of the pastor of the church?

Of course the first month's rent on the cottage and the installment on the furniture were a dead loss; the china, too, would have be be sold back at a sacrifice; and the young people who had been secretly apprised of the coming wedding would have to be more secretly intrusted with the fact of its postponement; and the kindly old gentleman, who had been so pleasant when they called and engaged him to wed them, would have to be told that his services would not be required; and of course each of these transactions entailed a distinct humiliation.

They had had serious misgivings when they first called upon the minister, as it was the first time that either had been near one. John Harkins was not exactly an agnostic; he was of too strong convictions for that. He was, or tried to be, a theologian unto himself, and a very material part of his creed, which was thoroughly sound on questions of creeds, right and wrong, was an impregnable, though unwarranted, objection to all organized religious effort. At a time in his life, when he was particularly given to form lasting prejudices, he had lost heavily through the ill-doing of a professing church member whom he had trusted; the result had been a lasting opposition to churches and church members, and a special antipathy to clergymen, whom he regarded as the overpaid promoters of everything wicked that was ever done by people who went to church. And he had taught his children to accept his theology as the best.

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Instead of receiving them coldly, the minister had been cordial; instead of reading them a lecture on the wickedness of never going to church, he had merely said with gentle emphasis that he would be glad to see more of them in the future—on Sunday; and when he dismissed them with pleasant smiles and a shake of the hand that thrilled them, Floss' faith in her father's peculiar views received a most lasting shock.

Floss and James let nearly three weeks elapse before they summoned courage to sally forth and cancel their wedding engagements. It would have been wiser to have acted earlier, as every day rendered the ordeal more trying, and it was only with the courage of desperation that they at last set out together to visit the minister, the deacon, the furniture dealer, the crockery man and their confidential friends.

They agreed that the minister should be visited first. Neither gave a reason for this, though each had the same. Each felt the need of a sympathy from which courage for the other ordeals might spring, and each believed that the affable old gentlemen was the one person in the world who would not fail to supply it.

But, alas! when they reached the minister's study he was putting the finishing touches to a very important sermon, and he did not notice their presence until James had wished him good-day the second time. Then he looked up dreamily for a moment, and saying, "Well?" turned back to his sermon, and went on writing and listening both at the same time.

"We thought we'd call to see you," said Floss timidly.

"Just so," replied the minister, substituting an apter word for one he had just erased.

Floss bit her lip and nudged James, who flushed with annoyance, and, finding no pleasant words handy, said nothing.

"We wouldn't have called and disturbed you, Mister, only we—we had to tell you about it," Floss said, apologetically.

"About what?" asked the absent-minded gentleman in a voice that seemed to come from under his desk.

"Getting married," said James in a very loud voice.

"Married!" the minister said, briskly turning in his revolving chair. "You must excuse me. I'm particularly busy to-day, but I'm never too busy for that. License?"

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He held out his hand, but James shook his head and answered: "I have no license. We want to get married—we did want to, but—we can't; at least, not just now."

"What can I do for you, then?"

James didn't seem to know, so Floss came to the rescue with:

"We—we thought we'd better call and tell you that we can't get married."

The minister shrugged his shoulders impatiently and turned back to his work.

They had come yearning for sympathy, and had been greeted with indifference; they had expected to meet an amiable friend, full of interest in themselves, and had found a callous stranger who didn't remember ever seeing them before; they had sought a pastor and had run foul of a theologian. Floss' eyes began to moisten, and James, observing it, angered and said with much dignity:

"We regret to take up so much of your valuable time, but we thought it proper that, having engaged your services for next Thursday evening, we should call and let you know of our disappointment."

"Why didn't you say so at once?" asked the theologian testily, as he dropped the sermon again and lifted a memorandum book from his desk. "Ah, here it is," finding the place and reading: "James Johnson—Floss Harkins—7 P. M.—Jones' Cottage—Madison Street and Hill Top Avenue. Changed your minds? All right. Good evening."

The theologian erased the entry, wheeled about, and in a moment was again at work.

Through thickening mist there came to Floss' sight, in a blinding game of see-saw, a blending of snowy-haired clergyman, sober carpet, heavy desk, white ceiling and well-stocked bookcase. She feared she would fall, but a familiar arm sustained her and she found strength to turn toward the door; she had all but reached it, when, in spite of her sturdiest effort, a sob that she tried to smother smote the theologian's ear.

"Bless me!" cried the pastor, turning quickly round towards the sobbing girl.

In an instant he was between the young people and the door, and a moment later Floss was seated in the big revolving-chair in front of the desk, and the old minister was leaning over her, calling her by name, patting her hand fondly, and looking at her with a tenderness that made her think of her dear old father.

The kind old man, who had cast theology to the winds, apologized for his inattention, and explained that if he had not been engaged in writing the most important sermon of his life he would never have been guilty of such inexcusable unkindness.

"It's a Conference sermon," he said, "and sometimes a very good one can make a Bishop, often a Presiding Elder, you know, and that's important," he added, with a very meaning laugh.

James and Floss, who knew next to nothing about sermons and nothing at all about Conferences, found no convenient reply, and the minister, misunderstanding their silence and beginning to harbor a very grave suspicion, asked:

"I hope you will not think of being married by a magistrate?"

He smiled very pleasantly at Floss' quick denial and said:

"No lovers' quarrel, surely?"

"No, no," said Floss, impulsively seizing her lover's hand.

"What's the trouble?" asked the pastor, completely puzzled.

"We want to be married," said Floss, strengthening her statement with a pretty recital of the various steps toward housekeeping they had made, a pitiful story of how they had to be recalled and a reluctant acknowledgement of her father's insistence upon an eight years' delay.

The old minister slowly murmured something about a Jacob and a Rachel, whom they failed to recognize as of their intimate acquaintance, and asked if his good offices might not prevail with the father.

"It wouldn't be no use," sighed Floss, "Father's taken Bill Starbottle's oath on it."

"Oath on the Bible?" asked the minister.

"I guess so," Floss answered; "anyhow, dad says it's the bindingest oath on earth."

"What may its exact nature be?"

But, when Floss told him, the minister laughed. Then, just to make sure, he explained, he opened his Bible. "I thought so," he said, as he closed the sacred book. "Under the circumstances, the best thing for me to do is to go back to my sermon, and for you to go home and wait patiently until Thursday evening, when I will make you man and wife at the deacon's cottage."

"But dad——" interrupted Floss.

"Leave him to me," said the minister.

"You don't know him," urged Floss. "He's sot; he's just the sottest——"

"My children," said the minister, "you must let me get back to my sermon. Can't you trust me? Don't I know more about weddings than you? Here I've been marrying people for forty years. Never disappointed a couple in my life. When I tell you that I'll be on hand and that I'll marry you Thursday evening in Deacon Jones' cottage, can't you trust me? Come—a bargain, my children; I'll be there if you will."

"We'll be there," said the young man, seizing his hand and speaking for both with rare spirit. The girl grasped the other hand and her doubts vanished at once.

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The minister bade the happy pair Godspeed at the front door and went back to his sermon. It was all wrong. He found it dull and dry, and chopped out whole pages of theology and logic, and put in their place other pages of beautiful thoughts that kept coming to him.

A month later, when the good man attained his life's ambition, every voice in the Conference declared that it was the humanity in his sermon which secured the prize for the preacher from Mountaintop, but what endeared him to Floss and James was his promise to marry them in spite of all opposition on the Thursday evening following.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COURTED BY DEPUTY

A PENSION THAT HELPED A MARRIAGE

By LUCY HARDY

IT IS unusual that the announcement that an apparently fatal illness has taken a favorable turn proves an unwelcome piece of intelligence to the invalid; and yet Colonel Ellerby turned on his pillows with something like a groan as he realized that the doctor's hopeful words were probably true—that he had now really "turned the corner, and was on the mend."

The Colonel was an elderly Anglo-Indian officer, who had been on the "retired list" of the East India Company's service for some half-dozen years. The time of our story was "sixty years since," and the Company was ruling Great Britain's Eastern dependency. The Colonel's retirement from active work had been less due to the weight of his sixty-odd years than to a grievance, real or imaginary, which he had conceived against the Company, the details of which we forbear to inflict upon our readers, although the Colonel was less merciful to his own friends, who had learned to develop a surprising ingenuity in turning the conversation whenever "that wretched Hugger-Nugger affair, when I was treated so ill," came upon the tapis, much to the Colonel's disgust.

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The Colonel had come out of the dispute with all the honors of war, having obtained much that he claimed ("everything he was really entitled to," as candid friends remarked among themselves), but the injury, real or supposed, had rankled deeply in Colonel Ellerby's mind; he shook off the dust of India from his feet, retired upon half-pay, and occupied his leisure in recounting his grievances and abusing the ungrateful Company. Time had hung somewhat heavily upon the old bachelor's hands; he had, as was usually the case in former days, gone out to India as a mere youth, until the time of his retirement. He had now outlived all his nearest kindred.

His health was failing, and a week or so before the time when our story commences it seemed as if that "last illness," which must one day come to us all, had attacked the veteran; indeed, the doctor (an old friend) hinted as much to his patient, by a suggestion regarding the desirability of "arranging any business affairs he might wish to see settled."

This suggestion, awoke a reflection which greatly disturbed the good Colonel's peace of mind. Like the other "Company's officers" of his day, the Colonel, from the age of sixteen, when he first obtained his cadetship, had been counseled to contribute to the "fund" from which the widows and orphans of the Company's officers would ultimately benefit, and from which even unmarried officers could derive certain slight advantages. Had Colonel Ellerby left a widow or children, his payments to this fund would have secured to these relatives a comfortable little pension; but no benefit could accrue to other legatees or survivors from his enforced savings.

"And so my hardly earned money will go into the coffers of that ——— Company!" thought the Colonel, wrathfully, oblivious of the fact that, save for the occasional existence of bachelor payers—and losers—like himself, the fund would never have been enabled to make the provision it did for the widows and orphans of Indian officers; and that his payments would go to the benefit of the families of his own comrades.

With all a sick man's irritable persistence, the Colonel brooded bitterly over the idea of the supposed advantage which his death would bring to the ungrateful Company; finding a thoroughly sympathetic listener to his complaints in his faithful soldier-servant, Barney Ryan, who had followed his master's fortunes for many years, and who—*plus royaliste que le roi*—was ready to execrate the Company more loudly than the Colonel himself, although the worthy Irishman would have been puzzled to have given a clear account of the wrongs his master imagined he had endured at the hands of the directors.

"Barney, I'll do the Company yet," exclaimed the invalid one evening, after a particularly suffering day. "Find me some decent sort of woman to whom that pension will be a consideration, and hang me if I won't marry her now, on my death-bed, and save my money from the Company's clutches after all!"

"Marry! Is it marrying your honor's thinking of? Now?" cried Barney, in a tone of genuine amazement.

"Yes, you fool!" replied the invalid sharply. "You don't suppose—if I was likely to be up and about again, that I'd saddle myself with a wife—at my time of life—and with my fixed bachelor habits; but you know what the doctor thinks——"

A sudden shadow passed over the soldier-servant's rugged face, and he turned his head away. The man was devoted to his master with a passionate, dog-like fidelity.

"I'm not afraid of Death," went on the elder man in a gentler tone, as he noted his

servant's emotion. "You and I have faced him together often enough before this, Barney. But what I do mind," and here the Colonel's voice grew fretful again, "is the idea that, from sixteen to fifty-four I have been paying into the coffers of that Company" (we suppress an adjective) "and now—as I don't leave wife or child behind me—all that good money is clean thrown away. Barney, I vow I'll marry some one, if it's only to spite those infernal directors."

The invalid harped upon the same string throughout the next twenty-four hours; and the doctor, at his next visit, privately asked Barney if the patient had received any agitating or annoying letters, as he appeared to have something upon his mind. This remark decided Barney's procedure.

"It's a quare thing as you're wanting, sir," said the faithful attendant to his master; "and yet 'twill be a swate revenge entirely to do these beggarly directhors out of a pinsion for your widdy. I think, if your heart's still set on the matter, I could find a lady as would take you even as you are. Miss Wilson, as lodges in the down-stairs rooms—she's a rale lady, your honor, though poor, and——"

"Oh, you mean the little old maid in the dining-room? Not that it matters to me who it is; for I don't suppose I shall hold out another week," replied the Colonel. "If the woman's poor, the pension may be an attraction; and I dare say Selby will consent to marry us."

"Trust to me for that, your honor," replied Barney confidently.

And, indeed, a harder-hearted person than the kindly young vicar of the parish—who had been lately a constant visitor in the sick-room—would have been touched and interested by the pathetic tale which Mr. Ryan poured out in the vicarage library half an hour later. Two lovers, who had been severed in early youth, coming together by accident in their later years; illness striking down the intended bridegroom before the wedding-day; the importance of securing the pension to the bride elect!

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"It's a singular proceeding, certainly; but, in the circumstances, I see no possible objection to performing the marriage ceremony. I fully understand Colonel Ellerby's anxiety to secure the pension to his widow," said the young clergyman sympathetically. And it was arranged that the wedding was to take place in the Colonel's sick-room as soon as the requisite "special license" could be procured.

Satisfied with this part of the mission, Barney now departed to interview the unconscious bride-elect, with whom, although they had been fellow-lodgers in the same house for the last three years, neither he nor his master had ever exchanged a word.

It was certainly a singular wedding; the bridegroom in bed, supported by pillows; the middle-aged bride so tearful and agitated that she had to be removed, in a nearly fainting condition, at the conclusion of the service. But the pair were duly "pronounced man and wife together"; and, though the Colonel sank back much exhausted after all the excitement of the occasion, he murmured, with a very satisfied chuckle:

"Bested the Company at last, by Jove! Got ahead this time!"

"Why, what's this?" cried the doctor joyfully, next day. "Pulse fair, temperature nearly normal; had a good night, Barney tells me. Colonel, we shall pull you through safely, after all."

"You don't say so!" cried the invalid, in a tone of consternation.

"But I do," replied the Esculapius cheerfully. "I didn't keep back the truth from you, old friend, when I thought differently; but things have taken a turn since yesterday."

"I wish they hadn't," murmured the unfortunate invalid, as he sank back amid his pillows; but the doctor was too busy with directions to Barney to notice him.

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Dr. Melville's words proved true—too true, as the Colonel ruefully reflected. Whether the irritation against the Company had supplied a useful stimulus, and the subsequent satisfaction at "besting" it an equally useful soothing power, certain it was that the crisis of the disease had passed, and that Colonel Ellerby was rapidly recovering. Recovering to what?

Even in his younger days he had never been what is called a "marrying man"; now he had become one of the most confirmed of old bachelors. He groaned aloud at the thought of the change which must henceforth come over his life; of the relinquishment of all his bachelor privileges—his club life, his latch-key, his complete independence. He had mated himself to a woman of whom he knew absolutely nothing, except that she was sufficiently poor—and mercenary—to marry a dying stranger for the sake of securing a pension as his widow. And he might have to drag the matrimonial chain for the next twenty years or more—he came of a very long-lived family, and had "an iron constitution." A pretty prospect!

"I'm mighty glad, sir, to see you better. Will your honor see Mrs. Ellerby to-day? It's very pressing the crature has been to come in to you; but, saving when your honor was asleep, I've kept her out until now," remarked the faithful Barney one morning, when the invalid was palpably upon the mend.

"Mrs. Ellerby!" The Colonel shuddered. But, after all, had not this lady now a perfect right to enter his presence?

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"Show the woman in, if she wishes it," he said curtly, with the courage of despair. Perhaps, when he was up and about again, he could enter into some amicable arrangement for a separation by mutual consent with his unwelcome bride—she had already shown herself a woman open to the influence of monetary considerations, and the Colonel felt that he would gladly sacrifice half—nay, all—he possessed, to regain his freedom.

The door softly opened, and a little figure flitted in—a gentle, faded-looking, middle-aged spinster, attired in somewhat shabby and very old-fashioned garments. Colonel Ellerby eyed her disparagingly. Although not a "lady's man," he had, like many another old bachelor, a keen admiration for a pretty face, and especially admired tall, dark, stately women. Now, his own bride was small, thin and insignificant-looking, with that faded appearance in eyes, hair and complexion which comes to many blondes in later life. The Colonel liked to see a woman well dressed; and Mrs. Ellerby's attire, though scrupulously neat, was neither new nor fashionable.

"An ugly, elderly dowdy," was the despairing bridegroom's mental comment, as he turned uneasily upon his pillows.

"I hope you are feeling better to-day," said a gentle voice, in rather timid tones.

"No great things, thank you," replied the Colonel rather ungraciously. "The bed seems all lumps," he added, feeling it necessary to give some explanation for his abrupt averting of his face from his bride, and shuffling about to hide his confusion.

"Let me arrange the pillows"; and two small white hands, small and white as if, like their owner, they had passed their first youth, moved gently about him. In a few moments order seemed produced out of the chaos of tumbled bedding, and the Colonel's head was supported comfortably upon the pillows, instead of being sunk beneath them.

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The hands, the voice, were decidedly those of a lady; and their owner was quiet, too, as she flitted gently about the room, noiselessly drawing down the blind and excluding the sun, which was dazzling the invalid's eyes, and arranging, with deft, womanly touches, the disorderly array of bottles and sick-room appliances which encumbered tables and chairs; for the trained nurse of modern days was unknown sixty years ago, and the Colonel's landlady, who had shared the nursing with Barney, was not tidy.

"She's a lady, and knows something about nursing," thought the invalid—confirmed in his latter opinion a few minutes later when he had sipped a refreshing beverage, very unlike the "barley water" usually compounded by Mrs. Smith, his landlady.

"Oh, I am so glad you like it," cried the bride, a pleased flush rising to her faded cheek as the Colonel involuntarily exclaimed at the excellence of the beverage. "I made it myself; it is a French recipe for a sick-room drink. My father was a confirmed invalid for many years, and I was his constant attendant," the speaker added.

A lady, quiet, and a good nurse! Well, things might have been worse for the present, and, when he was about again, they would doubtless be able to arrange for an amicable parting. To save himself the effort of attempting to carry on a conversation, the Colonel now feigned sleep, and was relieved to hear his wife slip noiselessly away.

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"Barney," said the Colonel to his attendant that evening, "you never told me how you induced that lady" (he could not give her rightful title) "to marry me. What did you tell her the widow's pension would amount to?" for the Colonel, who had private means besides his pay, was thinking of offering this "pension amount" as the price of his freedom, although quite prepared to bid up beyond it if necessary.

An indulgent smile stole over Barney's face. "Faix, it's little your honor knows about wimmin," he remarked. "Would it be the dirty pinsion I'd be naming to a lady like Mrs. Ellerby?" The Colonel winced. "A rale lady, too, though much come down in the world, and not as young as she was—like your honor himself, for that matter. No," proceeded the unblushing Barney, "I just went to the lady, and told her as you'd been desperate, dying in love with her ever since you'd met her on the stairs some three years ago—though you'd never, being up in years yourself, saving your presence, liked to hint at such to her."

"And you made any sensible woman believe in such a cock-and-bull story?" roared the Colonel wrathfully.

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"Faith, then, I did, your honor. It took a little time; but there's ways of putting things, you know. And, at last, when I told the lady that you couldn't die easy without feeling she was your wife, and pointed out how it 'ud comfort your last hours to call her so even for half an hour (I put it very tender, indeed, your honor, I did), why, then, Miss Wilson—Mrs. Ellerby, I should say—spoke out very soft and quiet, with the tears shining in her eyes, 'It is all so strange and sudden; but I know Colonel Ellerby well by reputation. He is a noble, distinguished, honorable man. If this step will really comfort him——' Pinsion!" echoed Barney, with supreme scorn, recalling his own eloquence at this singular interview. "Was it the dirty money I'd name to a woman as was ready to marry you all for love?"

"Do you know, sir, that you have told a most unwarrantable pack of lies to this poor lady?" said the Colonel severely.

"In course I did, sir, and to his reverence, Mr. Selby, as well. But wasn't it all for your honor's peace of mind, and to help you to best that blaggardly Company? Would I have got you married if I'd told the truth?"

"And a pretty business I may find this same marriage!" groaned the Colonel.

"Keep up a good heart, sir," said Barney encouragingly. "Mrs. Ellerby's a good little lady, and a kind-hearted one, too."

"I didn't want to marry an angel, except to make her my widow," replied the Colonel ruefully. "But we shall see."

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At least it was a satisfaction to feel that he was not linked to a mercenary adventuress; although there was something supremely absurd in the idea that he had been, at his age, "married for love" by any woman. Barney, with his fluent, persuasive Irish tongue, had performed his master's wooing far more effectually than the Colonel could ever have done in his own proper person; and, as the invalid noted, with a mixture of satisfaction and amusement, if the tale of his own secret admiration of his fellow-lodger was a fiction, it was clear enough that his bride cherished a very real and sincere admiration for himself. Yet, with all his crotchets and fancies and grumbles, Colonel Ellerby was, as his wife had truly said, a thoroughly worthy and truly honorable man. Mrs. Colonel Ellerby's open and innocent pride in the husband whom she believed to have long cherished a romantic attachment to herself, could but be gratifying to any man; and the Colonel grew first to tolerate, then to count upon, his wife's visits to his sick-room. Helen Ellerby was indeed a born nurse; trained and developed by many years' patient attendance on her father. The dowdy appearance, which had at first jarred upon her husband's susceptibilities, vanished under the combined influence of well-chosen toilettes (the Colonel had insisted upon forcing a check upon his bride for trousseau expenses, and Mrs. Ellerby had a pretty taste, though hitherto too poor to exercise it as regarded her attire) and the magic power of happiness, which brought back light to the bride's eyes and a color to her cheeks.

"She is really not a bad-looking little woman, after all," the Colonel would think, as he surveyed her complacently. "Her voice is charming, and she is certainly no fool to talk with."

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The Colonel's convalescence, though sure, was slow, and before he had left his room he had fallen thoroughly in love with his gentle, if middle-aged, bride, who, belonging, like himself, to the elder generation, could thoroughly enter into many of his own little fads, fancies, and even prejudices. The only child of a man who had married late in life, Helen Wilson had always been her father's devoted nurse and companion. His death had left her with straightened means, and "my life then had seemed so lonely and dreary," the bride said innocently one day; "for I little thought, now I was elderly and plain and poor, I could ever hope for such happiness as has come to me now."

Something seemed to swell up in the Colonel's throat. But, with old-fashioned courtesy, he gently kissed his wife's hand with tender reverence.

"You have made my life brighter, too," he said, with some emotion—"saved me from my lonely, dreary, old-bachelorhood. Please Heaven, my darling, we shall know many a year of peaceful happiness together yet."

"It is really wonderful how greatly the Colonel's marriage has altered—and improved—him," remarked all the old soldier's acquaintances. "Why, he looks ten years younger, and never bores you with that Hugger-Nugger story. What an odd, romantic business the wedding was, too! Haven't you heard about it? Either the Colonel had been in love with Mrs. Ellerby (such a sweet woman she is, and looks much younger than her real age) years ago, or else he had fallen in love with her in secret, but fancied himself too old to propose to her."

The reader will observe that versions of Mr. Ryan's various representations to the bride and the vicar had leaked out. "Well, anyway, the couple were actually married in the Colonel's sick-room, when every one thought he was dying, just for the satisfaction of calling themselves husband and wife; and, now he has recovered, they are just the happiest couple in the world, and simply devoted to each other. But wasn't it an odd marriage for two elderly folks to make?"

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Colonel Ellerby and Barney discreetly kept their own counsel; and Mrs. Ellerby, one of the best-beloved and most adoring of wives, never to the end of her life suspected that the supposed tender romance of her bridal had existed only in Mr. Ryan's really fertile imagination, and that "besting the Company" was her husband's sole original reason for marrying her.

"All's well that ends well." The Colonel at last became thoroughly attached to his gentle wife after their strange wedding, and found it equally as satisfactory to "best" the Company by surviving to draw his half-pay for many a long year, as to die, leaving a widow upon the Military Fund.

"'WOULD I HAVE GOT YOU MARRIED IF I'D TOLD THE TRUTH?'"

The Little Picture in the Corner

THE PRIEST'S ROMANCE TOLD ON THE CHURCH WALL

BY PEDRO ANTONIO DE ALARÇON. WITH A DRAWING BY J. J. GOULD, Jr.

ONE day, as the celebrated Flemish painter, Peter Paul Rubens, was strolling through the cathedrals of Madrid, accompanied by his pupils, he entered the church of a humble convent, the name of which tradition does not mention in this little legend.

The illustrious artist found little to admire in the poor and dismantled edifice. He was about to go away, growling at the bad taste of the priests of Madrid, when he noticed a picture half hidden in the shadow of the ugliest chapel of all. He approached it and uttered an exclamation of surprise. His pupils surrounded him in a moment.

"Look," said Rubens, pointing to the canvas before him.

The painting represented the death of a monk. He was very young, and still beautiful, despite traces of the fasting and suffering he had undergone. He lay extended on the bricks of his cell, his eyes were already dimmed by death. One hand held a skull, while the other pressed to his heart a crucifix of wood and copper.

On the background of the canvas another picture was painted. It was supposed to be hanging on the wall of the cell, over the narrow cot from which the young monk had crept, to die more humbly on the floor.

The second picture depicted a young woman, beautiful in death, lying in her coffin in the midst of sumptuous black draperies and surrounded by funeral candles.

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No one could look upon those two scenes, one contained within the other, without feeling that they explained and completed each other. Unfortunate love, dead hope, a disappointed life and eternal forgetfulness of the world, beheld here the mysterious drama of the canvas. Moreover, the color, the drawing, the composition, all revealed genius of the first order.

"Maestro, who can be the author of this magnificent painting?" asked Ruben's best pupils, crowding about the picture.

"A name was painted in this corner, but, you see, it has been effaced. As to the painting, it is not more than thirty nor less than twenty years old."

"But the artist," they clamored.

"The artist, according to the merit of the work, might be Velasquez, Zurbaran, Ribera, or even the young Murillo himself. Velasquez has not so much feeling as this shows; neither is it a work of Zurbaran, if I judge rightly the coloring and the manner of treating the subject. Still less can it be attributed to Murillo or Ribera. Their style is lighter, while this is more sombre. This picture belongs neither to one school nor to the other. Frankly, I do not recognize the author of this painting, and I could swear that I had never seen any other works of his. Further, I believe that the artist, perhaps already dead, who has given such a wonder to the world, did not belong to any school, nor has he ever painted another that would approach it in merit. This is a work of pure inspiration, a reflection of his own soul, a piece of his life. But—do you want to know who painted that picture? The dead man before you painted it!"

"But how can you conceive of a dead man painting his own death agony?"

"By conceiving that a living being could divine or represent his death! You know that to be admitted into certain religious orders one must be dead to the world."

"Ah! do you believe that?"

"I believe that the woman whose form is painted on the background of this picture was the soul and life of that man dying on the floor. I believe that, when she died, he also considered himself dead to the world. I believe, finally, that this painting, instead of representing the last moments of its hero or author, represents the renunciation of a youth, disillusioned as to earthly joys."

"So you think that he still lives?"

"Yes, señor; he may be alive, and have become serene and joyful, and the unknown artist may be a very fat and jolly old man. Nevertheless, we must look for him. We must find out whether he has painted other pictures. Follow me."

As he spoke, Rubens walked toward a priest who was praying in another chapel, and asked, with freedom of manner:

"Will you be kind enough to tell the padre prior that I wish to speak with him?"

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The priest, who was an elderly man, arose from his knees with difficulty, and answered, in a humble and feeble voice:

"What do you wish? I am the prior."

"Pardon, father, for interrupting your prayers," replied Rubens. "Can you tell me who is the author of this painting?"

"Of that painting!" exclaimed the monk. "What would you think of me if I should tell you that I do not remember?"

"What, you knew, and have forgotten!"

"Yes, my son; I have forgotten."

"Then, padre," said Rubens insolently, "I would not give much for your memory."

The prior, paying no attention to the painter, again knelt on the ground.

"I come in the King's name!" thundered the haughty Fleming.

"What further do you wish, brother?" murmured the priest, slowly raising his head.

"I wish to buy that painting."

"The painting is not for sale."

"Well, then, where can I find the artist? His Majesty would like to know him, and I must embrace him, congratulate him, show my admiration and my affection for him."

"Your wishes cannot be realized. The artist is no longer in the world."

"He is dead!" exclaimed Rubens.

"The maestro spoke wisely," said one of the young men. "This picture was painted by a dead man."

"He is dead," repeated Rubens, "and no one has known him; his very name is forgotten. His name, which would have outshone mine. Yes, mine, padre," added the artist, with noble pride, "for you must know that I am Peter Paul Rubens."

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At the sound of that name, whose renown had penetrated even to the humble old monastery, the pallid cheek of the prior flushed lightly, and his dim eyes were fixed on the stranger's face with veneration.

"Ah! You know me," exclaimed Rubens, with boyish satisfaction. "That delights my soul. So you will be less of a priest with me! You will sell me the painting?"

"You ask for the impossible."

"Well, then, do you know of any other works of this unfortunate genius? Can you not tell me when he died?"

"You have not understood aright," replied the priest. "I told you that the author of this painting did not belong to the world, but that does not signify that he is dead."

"Oh! He lives, he lives!" exclaimed all the artists. "Give us his name."

"For what? The unhappy man has long renounced the world. Therefore, I implore you, let him die in peace."

"Oh!" said Rubens, with enthusiasm, "that cannot be, padre. When God lights in a soul the sacred fire of genius, he does not intend that the soul shall be consumed in solitude, but that it shall fulfill its sublime mission by illuminating the minds of other men! Give me the name of the monastery where this master is hidden, and I will go to him, and restore him to his sphere."

"But if he should refuse?"

"If he refuses, I will have recourse to the Pope, whose friendship honors me, and the Pope will convince him better than I."

"The Pope!" exclaimed the prior.

"Yes, padre, the Pope," repeated Rubens. "Be assured, I would not tell you the name of this painter, even if I remembered it. I shall not tell you in what convent he has sought refuge!"

"Well, then, padre, I'll get the King and the Pope to compel you to tell it."

"Oh! pray do not," exclaimed the priest. "You will do wrong, Señor Rubens. Take the picture, if you wish, but leave its author in peace. I have known, I have loved, I have consoled, I have redeemed, I have saved from the sea of passion and misfortune, shipwrecked and suffering, this master as you call him, this miserable mortal, as I call him—yesterday forgotten by God and by himself, to-day near Supreme felicity.

"Glory! Do you know of anything greater than that to which he aspires?

"By what right do you wish to revive in that soul the flame of earthly vanity, when there burns in his heart the inextinguishable fire of devotion?

"Do you think that this man, before leaving the world, before renouncing riches, fame, power, youth and love, had not undergone a sharp conflict with his own heart? Can you not divine the disenchantment, the bitterness which he must have borne before he understood the falseness of human affairs? And you would bring him back to the fight, when he has triumphed?"

"But he is renouncing immortality!"

"No; he aspires to immortality."

"What right have you to interpose between this man and the world? Let me talk with him and he shall decide," said Rubens.

"I have the right of an elder brother, of a teacher, of a father, all of which I am to him. I again say, I do it in the name of God. Respect that holy name, for the love of your own soul." Thus speaking, the monk covered his head and walked away.

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"Let us go," said Rubens. "I know what I must do."

"Maestro!" exclaimed one of his pupils, who during the preceding conversation had been intently looking, now at the canvas, then at the prior. "Do you not think that this old monk is very like the dying man in the picture?"

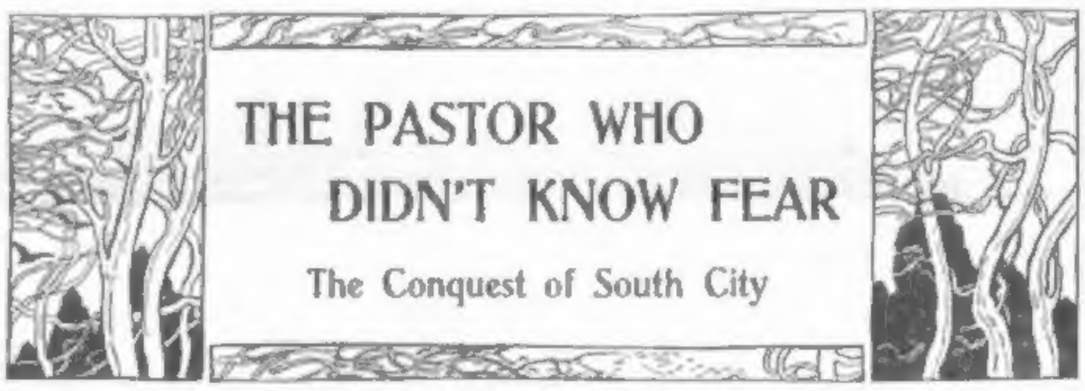
"Jove! You're right," cried Rubens.

"Take away the wrinkles and beard, and make allowances for the thirty years which the painting shows, and you will see this dead monk was, at the same time, the portrait and work of a living priest. Confound me, if the living monk is not the padre prior," said the youth excitedly.

"It was he! Yes!" cried the artist. "Oh! let us go," he added, turning to his pupils. "This man is right! his glory is worth more than mine! Let him die in peace!"

Three days later Rubens returned, entirely alone, to that humble chapel, desirous of contemplating once more the marvelous painting, and even of speaking to its presumed author; but the picture was not in its place. Instead, he found that there was a coffin on the floor of the principal nave of the church. It was surrounded by all the brotherhood of monks, chanting the requiem for the dead. The artist drew near to look at the face of the dead man, and saw that it was the padre prior.

"He was a great painter," said Rubens, as soon as his surprise and pain had given place to other sentiments. "Now it is that he most resembles his magnificent work."



THE weekly coach was due at South City, and all the inhabitants were eagerly awaiting its arrival. The Diggers' Arms was, as usual, crowded, and against its hospitable walls lounged those unable to get in. Suddenly a crack, loud and reverberating, sounded in the clear mountain air, and with a rattle the great coach lumbered up.

The driver, a cheery Yankee, who knew his men as well as he did his horses, shouted: "Have you heard the news, boys? No! Well, North City has imported a parson!"

"A what!" shouted the miners.

"A real live parson; and they've turned the old saloon into a meeting-house."

There was a long standing feud between North and South City, which dated from the first gold rush, and many and useless were the buildings that the rival towns had erected to "go one better" than the other.

All looked toward Texas Joe, an old and tough miner, who, by a brevity of speech and a quick use of his gun, had long held the position of dictator to the neighborhood.

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No one spoke; indeed, no one quite cared to. At length the oracle, shifting his plug from one cheek to the other, said: "Pass the word that there'll be a meeting here of all the boys at six sharp. It ain't to be allowed that a young shove-ahead village like North City is to take the shine out of us. No, sir; it ain't likely."

Long before six the whole adult population was collected near the saloon, and Texas Joe, the dictator, took the "barrel."

"Men of South City," he began, "you all hev been made fools of by the people away yonder," waving his hand northward, "and it ain't to be. They hev been presumptuous enough to get a parson, as if the inhabitants of these parts want either doctors or parsons. I ain't more religious than most; still, I say," kicking his heel on the barrel to emphasize his words, "that it's a real disgrace to us that we ain't got a parson, too. Now, what I say is this: North City have got a parson—South City will have one, too. They have got a traveling cuss—we will have a man of our own, a chap what's got an education."

A red-haired Cornishman, who hated Joe, ventured to say: "I vote we hev a good chapel man; he'll be a sight cheaper."

"Now, Treleavan, you dry up—'Piscopals I know; Catholics I know; but I know nothing and care less about fancy religions, and we'll have one from the bishop or we'll have none at all——" A chorus of approving voices showed that Joe had the floor.

"Now, it can't be done without money. I ain't got much, still I'll give twenty dollars," said the Chairman. "I'll give five!" "I'll give ten!" "Here, take my dust!" "Here's for the sky-scraper!" were heard on all sides, and amid a scene of wild excitement Texas Joe, after counting the collection on the barrel-head, said: "We'll hev the best there is to be got—we've got four hundred dollars."

Then, with a queer smile on his face, Treleavan pushed his way to the front and said: "I call that a good start, and now all we've got to do is to write to 'Frisco, for there's sure to be a boss there who will send us up the man we want. I vote that the Chairman write and see to the whole job." A dead pause followed this, for almost every man knew that Joe could neither read nor write. He rose, his pistol in his hand.

"Now, look here, mates, there's a kind 'er nasty twang about the last speaker's remarks that I don't like. I ain't a pushing man, but, of course, I'll write if Mr. Treleavan wants me to. Say, do you, now?" he asked, looking intently at the Cornishman.

"No. Praps young Green, the last tenderfoot, had better write it; we oughtn't to put it all on you, Joe. No offense," he muttered.

"Ah!" said Joe, "just as you like. Now, Green, get paper and a pen." The crowd gathered again. "Give the boy room; now, just you write." With admiration the miners listened while Joe dictated the following:

"SOUTH CITY, Cal., U. S. A.

"*Honored Sir:* North City have got a chapel parson and South City felt that the time has come to have a real college parson living in the town. A weak man ain't no use, 'cos we want a strong man fit to run the show proper. We send on four hundred dollars for expenses. Yours truly,

"THE INHABITANTS OF SOUTH CITY."

"Now, boys," said Joe, "it's my shout."

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South City was *en fête*. The miners, unusually clean, were waiting for the arrival of the man who was to fairly knock North City. Their hopes had been raised to a high pitch by the receipt of a letter from San Francisco informing them that a real strong man was coming up to put them in the right way.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, taken from the Living Age, is a translation from the Spanish of De Alarçon.

Joe had suggested a salvo of pistols as a welcome, but it was felt that such a reception was open to misconception.

The empty saloon, which had been taken as a temporary church, was as clean as whitewash and soap could make it.

The excitement grew intense as the hour drew near when the coach was due, culminating in a mighty cheer when the driver finally pulled up opposite the saloon. Several passengers got down, but no one answering to the description of a strong man.

Finally Texas Joe said to the driver, "Say, where's your new parson?"

"There, sitting on his trunk," replied the man, with a broad grin on his face.

All eyes turned toward a young, slender-looking man, who, with eyes twinkling with amusement, was watching his new congregation. Seeing that something was expected of him, he came up and held out his hand.

"Men of South City," he began, in a clear, musical voice, "I have been sent up here to act, if you will have me, as your new parson. Something tells me we are going to be good friends, and it won't be my fault if we aren't. There's lots for me to learn from you, and perhaps I can do a little for you, too."

Such an air of sincerity and truth seemed to surround him, that the miners, although disappointed, felt their hearts go out to him.

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One sultry afternoon the parson of South City was sitting in his room, a prey to the deepest depression. With all the eagerness that youth and zeal could supply he had done his best to raise his people, and he had failed entirely. He was wondering if it were worth while staying on, when his door was suddenly opened and a woman rushed in.

"Oh, parson, save my boy!" she gasped.

"Why, Mrs. Mace, what on earth is the matter? Is your son ill?" he asked eagerly.

"No, sir, he ain't ill; but he's worse nor that—the men are going to hang him."

"What for? What has he done?"

"Well, sir," wailed the woman, "he's got into bad company lately, and a man accused him of horse-stealing, and—and—" looking fearfully around, "it's true, sir."

Young and inexperienced as he was in the ways of a frontier camp, the parson knew that horse-stealing was a deadly sin.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Mace, that if the men have decided to hang your son no word of mine would stay them."

"And you, a minister, to say that to me, a mother; why, it's none the less murder, and you know it. Oh, sir!" she pleaded, "there's yet time to catch them up—for God's sake, whose word you preach, try and save my boy. Will no one help a poor mother?"

"Come, Mrs. Mace, let us go, and hurry, and perhaps we may do some good." Seizing his hat, he ran from the room and followed the crowd of miners whom he saw were making for some trees about half a mile out of town. When he finally caught up to them all the grim preparations were made for the execution. The rope was around the shivering youth's neck. Six stalwart men held the loose end, ready at a signal to launch the criminal into eternity. With his boyish face flushed with excitement, the parson pressed to the front and stood side by side with the man about to die. A silence fell on the throng, broken by Texas Joe, who said: "Now, parson, this ain't no place for you. Judge Lynch has had his say, and Jim Mace is going to be hanged, and that's so."

"And who are you, to take upon yourself to judge and to execute? Don't scowl at me and finger your gun, for I'm an unarmed man, and you know it. Have not you enough blood on your hands already without killing this boy who has broken your laws?"

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The berserker fury that occasionally comes over men of quite meek dispositions was on the little man who stood defying the whole mob. His look seemed to daunt the men.

Joe saw his authority trembling in the balance, and, with pistol raised, said: "Clear him out of the way, boys, or I'll shoot him where he stands."

"No you won't, Joe," said the parson, undauntedly. "You know that would be murder, and they don't love you too much, even here, to stand that."

No one spoke for a moment; then the Cornishman, Treleavan, shouted out: "A life for a life! If the parson wants Mace to live, let him be hanged instead."

The mob shrank from this cold-blooded proposal, and, seizing the psychological moment, the parson slipped the halter from Mace's neck, placed it round his own and said: "Go, my lad, turn over a new leaf and leave this town; go, and God bless you!"

The crowd opened and Mace ran away, leaving his rescuer standing in his place.

For the space of a few seconds the unkempt pillars of South City gazed irresolutely at the clergyman. Were they to treat him as a rebel—or as a hero? Then out spoke Texas Joe, as an odd break—could it be emotion?—came into his rugged voice: "Say, boys, there ain't going to be a funeral to-day, you kin bet! Take off that necktie, Parson! You've taught us somethin'—altho' it's the first time that I ever heerd o' the preacher as could give me points. I reckon if he stays with us"—turning to the crowd—"he'll find a welcome, eh, boys?"

A gruff cheer answered the question.

"For we all likes a strong man!" added Texas Joe, "an' we'll keep him."—St. Paul's.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

With Photographic Illustrations by Mathilde Weil

Eleventh Chapter

As President of the Dadeville Literary Club, Sarah Benson secretly resented the failure of Muriel to join or take part in their weekly meetings. She was compelled to admit that Muriel had had more advantages than any other girl in the village. Therefore, she was all the more fitted to shine in the literary rôles Miss Sarah would have assigned to her in the club.

Muriel had traveled; she had been to big watering-places in the North, and, while she had never boasted of it, it had been whispered among the club members that she actually knew Miss Dyke, the New England writer of character stories. It was said that Miss Fairchild had met her while studying in New York, and that a sincere friendship had sprung up between the two.

Miss Sarah thought it would be quite a feather in the cap of her club if she could secure such a brilliant literary star as Miss Dyke to read from her famous stories, and she foresaw that this might come to pass if Muriel would, as a member of the club, invite Miss Dyke to pay her a visit. Miss Benson was a great admirer of her own cleverness, and could ill brook defeat in any of her plans.

She was now on her way to see Muriel. So many people had laughed at Miss Sarah's failure to induce Muriel to join her movement, that she determined to make a more strenuous effort in that direction. Muriel was really too influential to be passed over.

Miss Sarah took strong, new-womanish steps. She was tall, thirty-five, stern featured, and full of plans for the uplifting of her downtrodden sex. The girls said she did not know how to dress, but that did not matter, for was she not intellectual and a helper of her sex?

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Muriel saw her coming across the lawn, and stifled a little cry of disappointment that drew her mother's eyes to the window.

"You really must go in, daughter," said Mrs. Fairchild. "She told me at prayer-meeting the other day that she was coming to see you."

Muriel sighed as she arranged her hair at the bureau-glass, while her mother sent the servant to invite the visitor into the parlor. The heat was oppressive that afternoon, three days after Wilmot's departure. Muriel had put on her prettiest organdy, a dainty sky-blue affair made over silk, and she had never appeared to better advantage.

"I hope I'm not keeping you from going out, Muriel?" asked Miss Sarah, rising as the girl entered.

"Oh, not now, at least," answered Muriel. "Sit down. I am going out when it is cooler. But I have plenty of time."

Miss Benson resumed her chair and began to rock. Her shoes had very low heels, and were broad, and thick-soled. It was plain from her whole manner that she had something to say.

"I came to talk to you about the prospectus of our club," she began. "We've the best program for next fall that I've ever seen. You really must join us. You are setting a bad example to the girls in town. Two of them said they wouldn't join any movement you're not in."

"How foolish of them!" said Muriel, coloring. "But I can't become a member. The truth is, I'm trying to make papa let me go back to my vocal lessons in New York, and I think he'll finally give in."

Miss Sarah's chair had come to a standstill, but now it started rocking again, and her head followed the motions of her chair like a porcelain mandarin.

"Ah!" she snapped, and she flushed with mixed disappointment and anger. "Dadeville was never good enough for you. You are going away again. I suppose you'll settle down and live among the Yankees before long."

"I can't get the vocal training here that I need, that's certain," said Muriel, biting her lip to hide a smile.

The President of the Literary Club shrugged her shoulders, and her lip curled. This young Miss Conceit should not see that she was necessary to the literary progress of Dadeville.

"I really wasn't sure how you'd do, Muriel, even if you joined," she said, with a sour glance at Muriel's dress and dainty slippers. "I've found many of the girls who are considered fairly bright can't write a paper on the most ordinary topic. They don't seem to have the power to grasp what is needed of them."

Muriel was only human, and her eyes fairly flashed.

"And yet," she observed calmly, "some of them must really be all that even you could wish, Miss Sarah. Some one told me that little Addie Turner, who is surely not yet sixteen, read a most wonderfully fine paper on the Culminative Period of German Literature, and that your club settles eternal problems that have baffled philosophers for centuries. How wise they must be!"

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Miss Sarah winced; her glance wavered, but she was not defeated.

"Oh, yes; some of my girls are developing. There's no mistake about that." Then she was silent a moment before firing a shot that she had ready.

"I understand, Muriel, that you are responsible for Wilmot Lee's giving up his profession and going to New York."

"Oh," said Muriel, changing color slightly. "How could I influence him either way?"

"Well, you had much to do with it, you may be sure of that," sneered Miss Benson. "No one else here praised his little stories in that cheap paper except you. Really, you ought to have told him how silly it was to

"AS SHE ARRANGED HER HAIR AT THE BUREAU-GLASS"

hope to make his way among men of letters. Why, he's not even a well-read man. I've talked to him just to see if there was anything in him, but really he doesn't seem to know much."

"Have you ever read one of his sketches, Miss Sarah?"

Muriel leaned forward and gazed into the face of the spinster.

"Yes, one," said Miss Benson, "and I am sorry to have to say that it had absolutely nothing in it. Who wants to know anything about these mountain people and their wretched dialect that all of us have heard all our lives?"

"I'm a warm friend of his," said Muriel coldly, "and I may be prejudiced in his favor, but I don't think I am. I have liked everything he has written. His novel, which he allowed me to read in the manuscript, was beautifully written. There's no dialect in it, but even if there were, the dialect of all sections ought to be preserved, and some of the best writers of the day made their reputation on dialect work. You must not forget that Miss Dyke, whose writings you so admire, proves what can be done in dialect."

"You've more to be sorry for than I thought," interrupted Miss Benson, scorning to note this home-thrust. "Now, if I'd encouraged a young man to give up his profession and go into literature, and he had gone off and met with such a disaster as has befallen Wilmot Lee, I shouldn't be so satisfied about it as you seem."

"Disaster!" cried Muriel, "why, what do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," answered Muriel, staring fixedly at the speaker. "What has happened to him?"

"Well, really, I may be making a mistake. I oughtn't to listen to gossip without knowing whether it is true or not. But it seems to me that when he left our paper mentioned that his novel had been accepted by Wellington & Clegg, of New York. Am I correct in the name?"

"Yes, that was the firm," said Muriel, paling in her suspense, "but what about it?"

A glow of satisfaction lighted up the stern features of Miss Benson. Hers was the peculiar pleasure of the bearer of bad news. For a moment she simply fingered her note-book and pencil in her lap, then said:

"My father takes the New York Progress, and the number that came this morning says Wellington & Clegg have just failed."

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Muriel's heart sank. She could only stare at Miss Benson helplessly. A thousand things flashed through her mind.

"Failed?" she gasped, "are you sure?"

"Quite sure, and that's not all. The paper says many young authors are wild with disappointment because it seems they cannot, for some legal reason, get possession of their manuscripts. It is said that many authors lose heavily by the failure. My father thinks that Wilmot Lee paid a considerable sum to the publishers, and that he will lose every cent of it."

"I know," gasped Muriel, "that he did not pay them any money."

"Oh, of course, he wouldn't confess it to you—it wouldn't be natural for him to do so, but it is very likely he did. Father thinks they accepted it just on the eve of their ruin, without even reading it, simply to get his money. It's reported all over town that he's lost all he had and is absolutely in want up there. If I had been in your place, Muriel, I should have shown him it is a presumptuous thing for him to aspire to such a thing. Those Yankees have no heart; they'll take every cent a Southerner has and laugh at him if he attempts to get redress."

"I know—absolutely know—that Wilmot did not pay that firm any money," said Muriel in a tone full of agony, "and I hope you'll contradict the report wherever you hear it mentioned."

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But the request fell on closed ears. That was a phase of the situation Miss Benson did not want to believe. For years she had been the chief literary light of Dadeville, and she was far from being ready to admit that another in the town—a young, unsuccessful lawyer—had actually had a book accepted for its merits. She rose, the better to divest herself of the suggestion advanced by Muriel, and expressing her hope that the girl would come to see her soon, and think better of her decision in regard to the club, she departed.

Muriel stood at the front door like a statue, watching Miss Benson walk stiffly down to the gate. When the visitor had disappeared, the girl turned back into the great airy drawing-room and sank on a lounge.

Mrs. Fairchild came to her a few minutes later.

"What is the matter, darling?" she asked tenderly. She sat down by the girl and drew her white face to her shoulder.

"Oh, mamma, Wilmot has had such bad luck!" Muriel cried in a dry, husky voice. "He——" She could go no farther.

"I know, dear," said Mrs. Fairchild. "Your father has just told me the report in

town. I am so sorry for him. It is such a great blow. I wish he were here now, I'd comfort him. I'd show him more friendship than I have done. I would, darling, for your sake."

Muriel seemed trying in vain to sob.

"Cry, darling," said Mrs. Fairchild, her own eyes filling, her voice husky, "cry; it will do you good." And with her head in her mother's lap, Muriel burst into tears, and sobbed over the greatest sorrow she had ever known in all the years of her young life.

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Twelfth Chapter

"I WAS afraid you wouldn't come," said Mrs. Sennett to Wilmot, when he called, in obedience to his promise, on the afternoon of his visit to Mr. Soul's office. She came to meet him, dog in arms.

"Chester came near not giving me your message," explained Wilmot. "He was very busy, it seems, and forgot to deliver it till half an hour ago."

"I'm certainly glad he thought of it in time," said Mrs. Sennett. "I think if you hadn't come I should have driven around to your house on the way to the Park to ask about you. I have been so much worried over your bad news. It kept me awake nearly all night. You've a very refined, sensitive face, and although you tried to appear unconcerned yesterday, you looked as if you were suffering tortures. I'm awfully sorry for you."

Wilmot sank into the soft cushions of a luxurious lounge. Her words and manner were soothing, and a sensation of delightful languor stole over him. The artistic splendor of the room, and the glimpses through drawn portières of other rooms equally as attractive, appealed to his appreciation of the beautiful. The soft strains of a piano and violin in an adjoining apartment were heard, and a perfume of violets filled the air.

"You are very kind to invite me here," he said. "I shouldn't have known what to do this afternoon. I found this morning I could do nothing about that manuscript, and as I seem unable to get to work, I should have nothing to do except to walk the streets, and——"

"And you're really too tired for that," interrupted Mrs. Sennett. "You needn't deny it; I can see it in the expression of your eyes." She put down her pet, and then brought another cushion from a sofa which stood in one corner of the room. "Don't refuse me," she said, arranging it on the lounge, "you shall not be formal with me, even if it is your first call. Put your head on this, and lie down and rest."

"Oh, no; thank you," he said quickly. "I'm all right."

"Do as I tell you!" commanded Mrs. Sennett.

Sheepishly he obeyed, while the widow crossed the room to start an electric fan. She came back to the table and rang a bell. The maid entered, with a tray containing tea-cups of rare china, a copper tea-kettle swinging over a spirit-lamp, and a Dresden teapot.

"Dot will stay with you," she said, lifting the dog to a place beside him. "As a rule, he doesn't like strangers, and cuts up very badly, but he has taken a fancy to you."

"Even your dog is hospitable," observed Wilmot.

Mrs. Sennett laughed.

"One would know you're a Southerner," she said. "Southerners say such nice things! I repeat, sir, you are going to make a great social success here this season. After you left yesterday, Mrs. Langdon and I were absolutely flooded with questions about you. You must not think too much about your work, and ought to go in for a good time."

"My plans are all at sea since the failure of my publishers," said he.

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Mrs. Sennett's smile vanished. She looked older when serious. Still it was not easy for him to realize that she had lived twenty years longer than he. The room had been purposely darkened, and the rays from the pink globes gave a rosy effect to her complexion. The mass of silky brown hair was not her own, but he was too masculine to suspect that fact.

"What's the trouble?" she asked, lighting the spirit-lamp, and bending low to see if it were burning evenly.

"I've failed to get hold of the manuscript, and the matter is tied up indefinitely."

"And it's the work of several months, I guess," said the woman, drawing herself up and looking down on him sympathetically.

"Of years," he answered simply.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, almost as if the word had been evoked by a sudden shock, "what a shame!"

She sat down at the tea-table, and leaned her head on her jeweled hand. He saw her start as with a sudden inspiration, and then:

"Money will do anything these days; have you thought of bribery?"

He smiled grimly as he thought of the few dollars in his possession and the gloomy outlook ahead of him.

"I don't think it would do any good," he said evasively, "besides, it would seem hard to have to pay for one's just rights."

"That's true; but if your career is suffering because that book is tied up in a financial ruin, I should think that even bribery would be justifiable. Now is the time for the book to appear, and I say it must!"

Wilmot could formulate no reply. The misery of his situation fell upon him with redoubled weight. He would be unable to maintain himself longer in New York, and there was nothing for him to do but return to Dadeville, while he had enough money to pay the expense of his journey. He heard his father's sneer and the remarks of the town gossips; he pictured the meeting with Muriel and the shame of an explanation.

"Will you take cream and sugar?" Mrs. Sennett was proffering a cup of tea. He nodded and thanked her. Then she changed the subject adroitly, and under the charm of her conversation he felt his heart growing lighter, and, before he knew it, six o'clock had struck. She was mistress of that delicate flattery that manifests itself in intense interest in the petty details of the life of another.

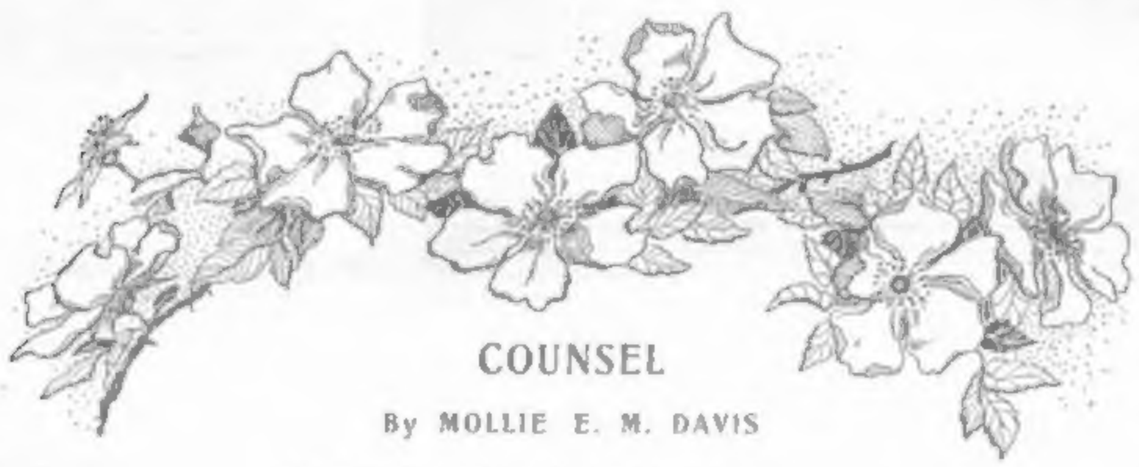
"Won't you promise to come to see me to-morrow afternoon?" she asked, following him to the door leading to the elevator. "I want to see you particularly."

"I will come," said he hesitatingly, "if——"

"I want no 'ifs' about it," she said. "'If' is a word I never tolerate. I never permit it to stand between me and the realization of any wish of mine Can I count on you at five o'clock sharp?"

"Thank you, I'll come," he promised, hardly knowing why, as he passed into the hall, thence to the elevator and out into the streets of the great city where he had hoped to make his fortune. He had no premonition of the brief letter he was to receive the next morning, that would change the current of the new life opening before him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



COUNSEL

By MOLLIE E. M. DAVIS

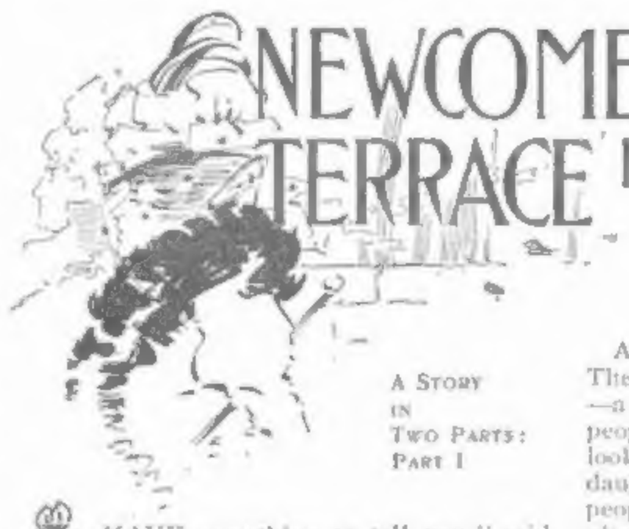
IF THOU shouldst bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell should be,
Press thou his hand in thine; how canst thou tell
How far from thee

Fate, or caprice, may lead his feet
Ere that to-morrow come? Men have been known
Lightly to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true
The palm of him who goeth forth Unseen,
Fate goeth, too!

Yea, find thou alway time to say
Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.—Poems.



NEWCOMERS AT THE TERRACE

PEOPLE NOT IN OUR SET

By MARY KERNAHAN

With Drawings by Sara Crosby

A Story in Two Parts: Part I

"I HAVE something to tell you," said Hetty.

She looked at her step-mother as she spoke, but her anxious, half-deprecating glance took in her step-sisters also. Georgie, the elder, was idly fingering a novel. Hilda was studying one of the colored plates in a fashion journal.

"I had a letter this morning from Angela Lomax—Angela Crofton, you remember, before she married—who was so kind to me when we were at school together; and she says"—Hetty's color rose—"they are coming to live here. They have taken a house."

"Angela Crofton!" Mrs. Dalton echoed, in tones of grave displeasure. "That girl who made a simpleton of herself by marrying some wretched artist—or drawing-master, it may have been. I'm sure I forget now what you told me at the time."

"He was not a drawing-master," Hetty returned, a little coldly, for she was not without spirit. "He was an artist, though he was not very fortunate in selling his pictures. I shall never forget Angela's kindness to me when I was at school."

"What house have they taken?" Georgiana asked sharply, letting Hetty's last sentence pass unnoticed.

"The third in Revelstone Terrace," said Hetty bravely. It cost her an effort, for she knew what the effect of the announcement would be.

It was precisely as she had expected. Georgiana sat bolt upright, and dropped the novel as she did so. Mrs. Dalton and her second daughter, Hilda, echoed "Revelstone Terrace!" The tone in which the words were uttered sufficiently indicated dismay and ire.

"And it was only the other day," said Georgiana at last, when able to speak, "that the Tarboltons were laughing, at luncheon-time, over the ridiculous, high-sounding names they are giving those wretched little new roads on the outskirts of the town. And they even mentioned Revelstone Terrace—mentioned it by name—and the sort of people who live there. I wouldn't have them know that we were even acquainted——"

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Georgiana's eloquence came to an end, partly from want of breath, partly from sheer indignation at Angela Lomax's temerity. Her mother took up the running.

"Don't make yourself uneasy, Georgie, about the Tarboltons, or any one else," she said frigidly—the chilliness was for Hetty. "We have no desire whatever to make Mrs. Lomax's acquaintance; nor has Hetty, I should hope, the slightest wish to renew it."

"Why not? You don't mean to say I am not to visit Angela when she comes? that I am to give up my friendship?" Hetty ejaculated hotly. "What has she done? She has not disgraced herself in any way. I don't quite remember who her people were, but she is thoroughly refined, I am sure; far more so than the Merritts," she added, with the unwisdom of her years.

"The Merritts!" repeated Georgiana shrilly, thoroughly angry now at Hetty's unlucky allusion, for Fred Merritt, only son and heir to the wealthy soapboiler, was reputed a victim to her charms. "And do you actually compare people who are coming to live in Revelstone Terrace, with one scrubby little general servant, of course, and the washing done at home and hung out in the back garden"—Georgiana could wax very eloquent on occasion; she generally became noisy at the same time, and did now—"with the Merritts, who spend as much money in a week as your friends will in a year, who dress and live in the greatest style, who never visit any one out of their own set! Really, mother, if you choose to be disgraced by Hetty's acquaintances, I draw the line. I don't intend to have constantly to explain to people who the Lomaxes are."

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"Don't speak to me in that way, Georgie; I am not likely to allow myself to be disgraced. Under no circumstances whatever," said Mrs. Dalton acidly, "will I make acquaintance with people living in such a street. They are people whom nobody will know—nobody of any importance, I mean."

Hetty's spirits sank. Her step-mother was in earnest. When she talked of "nobody of any importance" it was little use pursuing the conversation further; it was the jargon of the "set" Mrs. Dalton and her daughters belonged to. To be of "any importance" in their set one had to be very wealthy.

Ashfield was a large town, full of cliques. The county people associated with very few—a select and favored few—of the townspeople. The professional men of good family looked down—or rather their wives and daughters looked down—on the "moneyed" people, many of whom had settled in the place on account of its near neighborhood to a great manufacturing town, easily reached by rail. There were cliques within cliques, sets within sets, and Hetty often said to herself scornfully that her step-mother and step-sisters lived and moved, and found all the small delights of their existence, in the most objectionable of all.

It was the moneyed "set." Mrs. Dalton was proud to feel she belonged to it, having been a lady of very little importance indeed in the days of her first husband. What he had been, and what position in life he had occupied, Hetty never knew; only that her father had brought home his second wife very suddenly and unexpectedly, and with her the two girls, Georgiana and Hilda, and had become fairly well off in so doing. A reserved and taciturn man, Hetty had never ventured, much as she loved him, to ask many questions. She knew that he had felt their poverty keenly—for it had been poverty, though he belonged to an old family, and they had many friends—and she divined his motives for the marriage. A year afterward he died, and Mrs. Dalton, who had never been cordially received by his friends, and was correspondingly wroth, and had lost a good deal of her money in an unfortunate investment, left her home and settled at Ashfield.

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Hetty detested the place and the people. After her father's friends, Mrs. Dalton's acquaintances seemed vulgarity itself, though they kept carriages, most of them, and dressed showily, and dined late every evening. But then, Hetty's opinion was of no importance, though she was an invaluable appendage to the household; she could alter dresses, besides occasionally making new ones, and put together for Mrs. Dalton the most bewitching little caps, having a perfect gift in the way of millinery, even turning out bonnets and hats good enough for that high festival, the flower-show; though, in fact, the superintendence of the whole household devolved upon her.

She was not allowed to go out and earn her own living, as she desired to do, because she could not be spared, and because it would be "derogatory." As a useful machine Hetty was appraised at her proper worth—little as she knew it. As to her feelings, it mattered to no one that she might be wounded and mortified by finding Angela Lomax thus treated. Such an issue was felt to be of such little consequence it was not even thought of.

"There go the Fairfaxes!" Hilda ejaculated, making a hasty rush to the window, as her mother impressively finished her last sentence. "How plainly those girls do dress! I'm sure nobody would ever dream that they were so high and mighty to see them walk along the street. There's far more style, I consider, in our new delaines than in that gray linen."

"The delaines are prettier; but Ethel Fairfax has style," Georgie admitted reluctantly, the grudging glances of both following the slim figure of a daughter of one of the county magistrates. "I don't know how it is; she always dresses in the morning like that; and yet she manages to have that air about her, with all her simplicity. If I knew who her dressmaker was, I'd have one made like it; but there's no chance of finding out."

"They think so much of themselves," said Hilda, turning away from the window. "Annie Merritt says she was introduced to that girl at a bazaar, and when she met her in the street next she wouldn't bow. But they're all alike in that set."

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A scornful smile curved Hetty's pretty lips, as she stitched away at her work. She tried to be kind, but she could not grieve when she saw Mrs. Dalton and her daughters, the Merritts, and the whole of the Merritts' friends and acquaintances, quietly ignored by the class they most admired and copied.

"Well, if you are determined to know nothing of Angela Lomax," she said, returning to the subject, "of course, I can visit her. It does not matter what I do," she added a little bitterly—her heart was unduly sore just then—"I am one of the 'people who are of no importance.'"

"But it does matter; it matters very much. People will see you going and coming, and they will think we are intimate with Mrs. Lomax. If you were not so wrapped up in your own concerns," said Mrs. Dalton disagreeably, "I might expect you to show some consideration for us instead of showing none."

"What has it to do with you?" Hetty

EDITOR'S NOTE—This interesting story of the Newcomers at the Terrace, by Mary Kernahan, is taken from the Temple Magazine, and will be completed in the next issue of the POST.

asked, losing patience, and dropping her work in her lap. "I will tell her not to come here; I will let her know she is not good enough for you. Surely I can go and see an old school-fellow—you quite forget how fond my father was of her—quietly, in the evening, when your friends will all be at dinner. I shall meet nobody—nobody 'of any importance,'" she added, with an inflection in her voice Mrs. Dalton did not find pleasant. It reminded her of her late husband, who had not always been tolerant with the woman he had married principally for her money.

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"Well, there could be no objection to that, I suppose," she said, appealing doubtfully to her daughters. Georgiana's fiat was generally final. "It would be quite impossible to have her here."

"Oh, yes! We couldn't begin it. She would be rushing in at any time," said Georgiana very decidedly. "Of course, she would be anxious to meet our friends, in a house of this style, and it would only mean disappointment to her in the end. If Hetty quietly gave her to understand how it was, and she knew it would never mean more, they could see each other. But I'm not so sure Mrs. Lomax will want you," she added pertinently, turning to her step-sister; "when you have told her she can't come here, you'll probably find that will be the end of your friendship, for that's what it amounts to."

The color was flaming in Hetty's cheeks; but she had learned some wisdom since her father's death, and she knew that if she once began to give utterance to all that was in her mind she would find it utterly impossible to live even peaceably with them any longer.

* * *

Second Chapter

AT LAST!" said Hetty to herself, with a long sigh, as she watched a carriage roll away from the window.

She had been waiting for this evening. At last, Georgiana was attired, the alterations in Hilda's dress had met her approval; at last the rushing about from room to room, the endless exclamations, the fuss and flurry that always preceded departure for an especially "stylish" ball or dinner-party, had come to an end. Hetty had some hours of freedom before her, and she could, at last, go and see Angela.

She was not precisely Cinderella in the house, though she had helped to dress her step-sisters, for she had been included in the invitation, and had herself begged Mrs. Dalton to excuse her. Hetty rarely cared to go—she had never liked her step-mother's friends, and she knew perfectly well they did not want her, though they asked her as a matter of form. Her step-mother always spoke of her patronizingly, and friends followed suit. Pretty and penniless, the less their sons saw of Hetty Dalton the better.

Hetty did not care in the least. She did not like the sons at all, who, when they did notice her, bestowed on her condescending flatteries; young men of great eligibility most of them, and fully aware of that fact; with every likelihood of the possession of large bank balances by the time they attained middle age. She was delighted to think she had escaped the infliction to-night, and did not intend to sit down, as Hilda imagined she was going to do, to the alteration of a morning dress. She was going to see Angela.

It would be like a breath from the old life. Tears were in her eyes as she put on her broad-brimmed hat before the glass, thinking all the while of those old schooldays when her father had been alive. The glass did not reflect a beauty, but it was a very charming face that looked back at her—hazel-eyed, brown-haired and piquant. Hetty was not thinking of her own looks as she took up her gloves; she was wondering if, by any misfortune, she would fail to find Angela at home.

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First, there was Revelstone Terrace to find; Hetty had passed by it, some time before, and had thought the little houses rather pretty—not such very little houses, either, though they might seem so to Georgie and Hilda, accustomed to their own pretentious one, and to the palatial residences of some of their wealthy friends. Hetty thought wistfully, as she reached the place at last—it was a long walk, quite to the outskirts of the town—and looked up at the windows of No. 3, draped with something soft of texture and creamy in color, how happily her father and she could have lived there together.

A neat maidservant answered the bell, and ushered Hetty into such a charming room, bright with a ruddy fire on this November day, that she almost held her breath with pleasure as she looked around—so long was it since she had seen anything so pretty.

She was at liberty to look about her, for no one was in the room; perhaps, as Angela was poor, she did not like to use her drawing-room habitually, for fear of wearing out furniture which she could not replace.

Angela allowed herself the luxury of a fire there, at any rate. The warm glow was delightful, and lit up the pretty room till it glowed like a jewel. There was Indian matting on the floor—how Georgie would have despised matting! but even she would have had knowledge enough to respect the carpet that covered the middle of the room; it was a delight to the eye, with its rich yet subdued Oriental coloring. Pictures gleamed from the walls. Georgie would have expected that, and called it contemptuously "stock in trade"; but old cabinets, and china that even Hetty, in her hasty glance around, could recognize as thoroughly good, could not have been classed as such.

The door opened quickly, and some one came in—some one who took Hetty in her arms, and kissed her over and over again, half laughing and half crying. It was the same Angela, grown older, sweeter-faced than ever, and with the dimples Hetty remembered in full play just now; and Hetty, as she clung to her—this little wife and mother in her own house—felt that she had not for years known so much happiness.

"I have been expecting you every day. Why were you so long in coming?" Angela said at last. "But you shall tell me all about yourself while we have dinner. We have only just begun, and you could not have come at a better hour of the day, for we are quite alone. Now we can talk, without any callers coming in to interrupt."

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Hetty wondered very vaguely what callers Angela could possibly have—perhaps her neighbors in the Terrace—as she followed her friend out of the room. Angela opened the dining-room door—it was at the back of the drawing-room, and, although not so tiny as Hetty had expected, was a small room—and ushered her into a glow of light. A man of about thirty rose from the table and came

"THEIR GLANCES FOLLOWED THE SLIM FIGURE"

forward to greet her; and Hetty's whole confidence went out to him as she looked in his face. She did not wonder now—if she ever had—that Angela had chosen poverty.

"This is Will, and this is Hetty," the little matron said gayly. "Will knows you almost as well as I do, from hearing me talk about you. Your father was so good to me; I shall never forget those days when we were schoolgirls, and I used to go home with you in holiday-time."

A mist of tears clouded Hetty's eyes as she took her seat at the table. What a homelike feeling it all had. The thought crossed her, how sweet it would be to have a home of her own like this, where love and content seemed to reign, and nobody felt in the least ashamed of living in Revelstone Terrace.

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Then she smiled away the tears and looked up at them. About themselves there could be no doubt whatever; their friendly faces shone upon her, their voices were full of pleasant cheerfulness; but the fact was puzzling that Angela should be so prettily dressed, that they should be dining at eight o'clock with much more serenity than Mrs. Dalton and her daughters were now doing at Mrs. Tarbolton's, and that Angela's little dinner-table should be so daintily set and brightened with flowers.

"Well," Angela said, as the neat maid withdrew—a long "Well," comprehensive and questioning. "And now for all about yourself, Hetty. You have told me hardly anything in your letters."

"I didn't like to grumble—and after all, she was my father's wife, and somehow I never cared to write about any of them. But now you have settled here, and you must know, Angela, it is all extremely horrid."

"I guessed as much. You poor child!" Angela returned gently, putting out one hand and taking Hetty's in her own for a moment—a very brief moment, but the warm pressure spoke volumes. "It was very plucky of you to bear it all and say nothing. I'm afraid your reticence, though, made me avoid personal subjects, too. Altogether, we have rather dropped out of each other's lives lately. But we will begin again now."

The color was beginning to burn in Hetty's cheeks. She had to tell these friends, who were so warm and cordial toward her, that they must not return any visits; must not come to see her, on any occasion whatever. Would it not be better to tell them frankly what the life at home was, and throw herself on their generosity? Then they would at least understand—even if they despised her.

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She was deeply relieved, as her tale of woe came to an end, to see an amused smile on Will Lomax's lips. Angela laughed—the gayest, pleasantest little peal imaginable.

"And so we are not to go there? I'm afraid it's no loss, except to see you, Hetty; but you must make up, my dear, by double and treble visits; you must come to see us just whenever you can get away. But what an infliction, to live with people who have such a standard! Poor Hetty; I'm sorry for you. Will, dear," with a charming little *moue*, "did you know what you were about when you deliberately brought me to live in such a place as Revelstone Terrace?"

"It will give me the greatest happiness I shall find in life," Hetty said, taking Angela's hand, such warmth and sincerity in her voice that it touched both these kind hearts inexpressibly.

"It is a dear little house, and I am very happy here, and doubly happy because you live in the town, too," Angela rejoined. "But don't speak like that, you poor child; I hope life holds something far more for you than visits to a friend—even a friend who loves you as I certainly do," she added kindly.

"No," Hetty answered innocently—she was childish still in many ways, though she was three-and-twenty; "there will never be anything I shall find such happiness in as in coming here."

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"Well—time will prove," rejoined Will. "In the meantime, come and see Angela whenever you get a chance. She has plenty of new acquaintances here, but few old friends; so, as you are among the valued few, run in whenever you can."

"New acquaintances!—old friends!" said Hetty, perplexed. "I took it for granted you knew nobody in the whole place."

"Only the Beauchamps and yourself, but we have been settled some weeks, and have had a great many callers. How I shall ever manage to return them all, I don't know," Angela added. "There are a great many little things to see to still in the house."

"Oh, you'll manage," said Will, with the serenity of one who knows nothing about it.

"You don't mean to say, Hetty—you know Mrs. Beauchamp is my cousin, surely?" said Angela. "I thought you knew. It was one reason why we came here to live."

"And you were another," said Will; "and Bob Fairfax and I are very old chums."

"We had a very nice letter from Mrs. Fairfax, welcoming us, before we came," Angela continued. "I dare say they told other people—the Fairfaxes are rather institutions here. You know them, of course?"

"No," Hetty returned, divided between misgivings and satisfaction—and thoroughly surprised. "We don't know them in the least—or, rather, they don't know us."

"Why, your father——," Angela began, and then stopped very suddenly.

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"Yes, I know. He knew numbers of people quite as good as the Fairfaxes. But that was in the old days," Hetty said, rather sadly. "Do you think the Fairfaxes would know Mrs. Dalton—and Georgie and Hilda? Georgie would die of joy if one of them bowed to her in the street."

"Why, Hetty!—why, it's too ridiculous!" They all looked in each other's faces.

"Well, this is a joke," the masculine member of the party ejaculated at last, laughing heartily. "And we are not good enough for Mrs. Dalton, because we live in Revelstone Terrace! They dare not know us, for fear we should disgrace them. Oh, it's too good," said Will, wiping his eyes.

"Why, Jack has often stayed with the Beauchamps, Hetty. Don't you remember him?" Angela continued, when at last something like gravity was restored to the three. "My cousin, Jack Dereham? Your father knew him. Of course, the Beauchamps' friends have called, and want us to go and see them. Such nice people!"

"Tell me some other names," said Hetty.

"Oh, the Wests, and Lady Bellew, and the Scott-Roystons, and the——"

"That will do. It's just as I have been beginning to think. You know all the people who won't know us—who would look down on the Merritts as unspeakably vulgar."

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"Who are the Merritts?" Angela asked. "I haven't heard of them."

"No; that's just it. In this town one set knows hardly anything of the others. The Merritts are simply horrid—as vulgar as they can be—and I think Georgie will marry Fred Merritt one of these days."

"Well, you'll come out and see us, Hetty, at any rate, if we mayn't go to see you," said Will Lomax cordially.

Hetty was lost in thought, and did not reply. Should she tell Mrs. Dalton and the girls these facts she had just learned? Could she subject her friend to their sudden servility, their odious compliments and deference, when they found what the truth of the matter was? Never—no, never.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE GREATEST SPEECH OF HIS LIFE

How George Vest Captured a Jury

WHEN newspaper writers in Washington are "shy" of good stories they have only to look into the career of Hon. George Vest, Senator from Missouri. Walter Wellman, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, has been taking a turn at Mr. Vest, and finds a story worth repeating.

The scene is located in Missouri, of course, and the preliminaries tell how Vest was employed by a man whose dog had been shot by a neighbor. Other eminent counsel attended to all the preliminaries of the fight, while Vest was there, his head sunk down between his shoulders, and apparently asleep. Finally his associate nudged him and told him that he must make the concluding speech. He demurred, but seeing he must do something to earn the fee which had been paid him, rose and after gazing earnestly at the jury for some minutes, began a speech of which this is a stenographic copy:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful nor treacherous under any circumstances, is his dog.

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"Gentlemen of the Jury," the Senator continued, "a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come from encounters with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a Prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

What followed the veracious Wellman describes in this way:

"Then Vest sat down. This remarkable speech he had delivered in a low voice, without a gesture. No reference had he made to the merits of the case in hand. Not a word had he uttered about the evidence. When he finished, judge and jury were seen to have tears in their eyes. The jury filed out and in a minute or two returned to the court-room. The plaintiff had asked $200 damages. The verdict gave him $500, and several of the jurymen wanted to hang the defendant without any further delay."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, June 25, 1898

The Broadening Side of This War

WE ARE not cosmopolitan enough. We were too much centred in and upon ourselves, says the Portland Oregonian. We were taking too little note of the world, of its history, of its experience. We were settling down into a condition of National self-sufficiency and self-centred egoism. This war has come along. It will give us a lift out of the rut. It makes the world, for us, a larger world, and it shows a need of preparation on our part for living in that larger world. It teaches, in this direction, a great number of things. It teaches the necessity of increasing our naval strength. Though the policy of the great Republic is peace, it must know how to make war—sudden, bold, forward, offensive, determined and victorious war.

We are not about to enter on a career of foreign conquest, but our position in the world requires us to have naval stations distant from our own shores. We need a naval station in the East Indies, another in the West Indies, and we need Hawaii. All these the fortune of opportunity now offers to us. At this moment we want the Hawaiian Islands as a base of supply. They lie right in the track of our expedition to the Philippines—one-third of the way over. Their position makes them invaluable for a naval station and coal depot. The present situation emphasizes, too, the demand for the Nicaragua Canal.

Another thing. These wider commercial relations will tend to show the necessity of adherence to the world's methods of commerce and measure of values. Visionary money schemes will disappear before these larger views of our relations with the world, and of the interdependence of all commerce. Even the narrowest and dullest among us will find that we are not a little world by ourselves, independent of the rest of mankind, but that we can pursue our path and achieve our destiny only through rational adherence to the large principles which, as shown by historical experience, underlie the true greatness of all progressive nations.

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Our Attitude Toward the Paris Exposition

IF THERE are many members of Congress opposed to making a liberal appropriation for the representation of the United States at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, they should pause and reflect that only those who are afraid to show their goods refrain from showing them, says the Boston Transcript. It is reported that the unfriendly attitude of France toward the United States has stirred up many Congressman to oppose the appropriation, but they should remember that the French press does not always reflect the sentiment of the French people.

Nor is our quarrel with Spain as well understood in France now as it will be two years hence. Long before that time the war will be over and we shall be victors. To the victors belong the applause as the world goes, and Paris is emphatically worldly. It will welcome all Americans, and will bestow its special favor on those who bring with them money to spend. Frenchmen are largely interested in Spanish securities, and it is not human nature to love people who are clipping the value of your investments with cannon balls. This feeling will subside with peace, unless our Congress is so foolish as to try to reduce the big show that Paris has been planning for years. That would hurt us quite as much as it would injure the exhibition.

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Honors Conferred by a Republic

REPUBLICS find it quite as necessary as Monarchies to reward great public services with honors, and are as much perplexed how best to do it, says the London Spectator. Indeed, they are more perplexed, for it is a curious fact that they are more reluctant to pay such services with money. We hold it to be certain that the majority of men desire distinction; and, as service must be rewarded, we do not quite perceive why Republics should voluntarily deprive themselves of a valuable prerogative. That they must refuse hereditary degrees we understand, for in granting them they would establish, or at all events approve, the system of undeserved rank, which is hostile to the very principle upon which Republics are founded.

Still, one does not expect a Republic to confer hereditary rank; but we do not quite perceive why rank for life, which is really conferred by Providence when it grants success to soldier, or sailor, or statesman, should be refused by the community. Titles are practically not refused, so long as they have no feudal stamp, for the words General, Admiral, *Ancien Ministre*, or ex-President are, for all practical purposes, titles, and convey very definite rank. There seems no objection—at least we can think of none—to an Order of Merit or Service—we should prefer Service—if it were not hereditary, and if it conferred no privilege recognized by law.

It will be objected that it would by degrees come to be granted to the undeserving, or to mere wealth, or to merit which, though existing, was inadequate; but that would be the fault of the community which conferred it, not of the system. We believe that a Republican Order of Merit, never conferred except by statute, and therefore after debate, strictly limited as to number, would soon be highly valued and would be an additional incentive to the loftiest ambitions. We would give no money with the decoration, and no privilege except the one already granted in the United States—the right on occasion to a silent seat in the Legislative Chambers. The honor should be an honor only, and should continue for life; but it should be a rare one, and visible to every one who gazed.

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The Present Predicament of Europe

HOWEVER averse we may be toward any interference on the part of European nations in our war with Spain, says the San Francisco Call, we cannot overlook the fact that most of them have strong inducements to intervene. The war has raised the price of wheat, and that in turn has caused such distress among the poorer classes of the people of Europe that already bread riots have occurred in Italy and are threatened elsewhere.

We have been so much occupied in this country with the progress of our armies and navies that we have given but little attention to the economic situation on the other side of the Atlantic. Every European statesman is aware of the danger that comes when a dissatisfied populace are rendered desperate by a lack of work or by such a rise in the price of food as to make wages inadequate to the needs of families. All of them are therefore eager to take whatever action promises to restore, if not prosperity, at least endurable conditions among their people. A cessation of the war with Spain would undoubtedly have a tendency in that direction, and accordingly all of them would gladly do almost anything to hasten the return of peace.

In this condition of affairs their animosity may be directed toward the United States, but most of them have sagacity enough to see that they could not bring the war to a close by siding against us. The much-talked-of intervention, then, if it come at all, is not likely to take a form that would be resented by our Government. It is more likely to be a pressure applied to Spain to induce her to recognize the inevitable and seek for peace at once on whatever terms we choose to grant. In that direction lies a fair prospect of attaining a speedy peace, whereas an attack upon us would precipitate the much talked-of Anglo-Saxon alliance and involve the world in a war whose end no man could foresee.

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The Absurd Confederate Parallel

VARIOUS timid and ill-informed newspapers cite the Civil War as a warning that our contest with Spain may be long and dreadful, says the New York World. There is no possible parallel between the two cases. It is simply preposterous.

1. First of all, the Confederates were Americans, not Spaniards—a most important difference.

2. Their armies were commanded by some of the very ablest West Pointers then living, including Lee, Jackson, the two Johnstons, Beauregard, Longstreet, Stuart, and others, soldiers equal to any that war has ever produced in any country.

3. These Americans stood face to face with the Union armies from the very outset. They were not transported 4000 miles. They fought on their own ground.

4. They numbered half a million fighting men, whereas Spain has not more than 50,000 effective soldiers in Cuba, and cannot land any more.

5. They had their homes, their cornfields, their cattle pastures, their pig-pens and their smokehouses at their backs. They had 4,000,000 negro farm-hands to raise food supplies while the white men fought. They had resources such as poor, bankrupt and revolution-racked Spain has not had in a century.

6. The Civil War divided the country. This war unites it. The North and South are standing together as one man, and our war-making power represents now the combined force of both Union and Confederate fighting, plus a great increase in wealth, population, transit facilities, food production, international credit, and all other resources. Plus also all the teaching of that costly war lesson, plus experienced officers and soldiers still ready for duty, and plus a powerful Navy.

The country that faces Spain is quite five times as potent as was the divided country that tried conclusions with itself in 1861. Comparison in such a case is simply absurd.

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The Meddling of the Peace Union

PEACE societies have their place in society and serve a useful purpose, says the New York Tribune. They are one manifestation of the growing sense of human brotherhood which makes arbitration increasingly frequent as an alternative to resort to arms. They can accomplish great good in educating public sentiment to steadiness and self-poise, and in helping to make reason reign in place of passion. But a peace society transcends its proper functions when it attempts to take a hand in the conduct of American diplomacy, and enters into communication with a foreign Government.

Mr. A. H. Love came dangerously near to an act of treason against the United States. His soul may not delight in war, but that does not justify him in proposing terms of settlement of our difficulties with Spain to Premier Sagasta. Still less does it justify him in giving aid and comfort to the enemies of his country, as he certainly does do when he communicates to them expressions tending to encourage the belief that our Government does not represent the best American sentiment, and that people here sympathize with Spain as having been forced into war.

Such letters, if they have any effect at all, must strengthen the Spanish Ministry in its determination to fight on, trusting to the friendship of Europe, and even to the sympathy of Americans, to come at last to its rescue. Instead of promoting peace, they prepare the way for a more stubborn fight, and a larger number of deaths in both armies. The Quaker, who does not believe in resort to force, and simply minds his business when war exists, having done what he could to promote among his neighbors peaceful dispositions, is consistent and respected. But he is far from the meddlesome person who rides his hobby into the camp of an enemy.

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The Right of National Existence

"SPAIN is only defending her right of National existence," remarks Premier Sagasta. That is a wild exaggeration, says the Washington Post. The right of Spain to exist as a nation has not been assailed or questioned by the United States. Our Government has not attempted any interference with Spain except in her colonial dependencies, and Spain could have avoided this war by withdrawing from Cuba after her inability to subdue the rebellion of her subjects in that island had been so clearly demonstrated that the world accepted it as a fact.

All that we asked on the eve of this conflict was the abatement of the intolerable conditions in Cuba. We did not want to add one foot to our territory, but we did want, and were bound to have, an abolition of an infamy that not only affected the sensibilities of civilized humanity, but caused us great and increasing loss and injury. We put repression on our sympathies for the victims of worse than barbaric cruelties; we continued to expend millions in guarding the Cuban coast; we bore with outrages on American rights; we sent our citizens to prison for violation of neutrality laws; we suffered demoralization of trade and its serious consequences—we did all that the most scrupulous good faith demanded to avoid war. And the more we suffered, the greater became the demand for suffering, for, instead of ending the horrors of her rule in Cuba, Spain managed her military operations in a manner indicative of indefinite protraction.

Spain has parted with Empires in continental America as well as in Europe. Was "her right of National existence" surrendered every time she lost or sold a province? She has for centuries been giving up one after another of her territorial possessions because of her incapacity to rule them. And her rule at home has been little better, in many respects, than her control of colonies. Ignorance and brutality are characteristics of the masses of her people. Corruption has long been the chief characteristic of her ruling class. The Government and people of the United States have no intention of denying the alleged right which, according to Sagasta, Spain is defending. But if Spain continues to move backward and downward while other nations move forward and upward, how long will "her right of National existence" be recognized by the family of nations?

We entered upon this "war for humanity" in order to take Spain's cruel heel off the necks of her Cuban subjects. As sure as the march of progress goes on, as sure as civilization advances, as sure as liberty, light and knowledge continue to spread, the time is coming when a nation that sets itself against the current and blindly blunders back toward mediæval darkness will vainly plead the "right of National existence"; when neighboring nations will undertake to do for the oppressed and degraded in Spain what we have undertaken to do for Spain's victims in the once prosperous island of Cuba.

TOLD OF THE PLAYERS

A Scotchman's Self-Control.—Charles Mathews used to tell a good story in support of the truth of the remark about a Scotchman, a joke, and a surgical operation. When "starring" in Edinburgh, his landlord, who seldom attended any other public meeting save the "kirk," asked Mathews if he would oblige him with "a pass for the playhoose."

On this favor being readily granted, the "guid mon," as Ian Maclaren would say, donned his cheerful black suit, and witnessed Mathews' two great performances, Sir Charles Coldstream in Used Up, and Plummer in Cool as a Cucumber, both downright "side-splitters."

Meeting his landlord on the stairs as he proceeded to his own room after the performance, Mathews was cordially greeted by that gentleman, of whom he then inquired how he had enjoyed the entertainment.

"Aweel," said the Northerner, "it pleased me vara much, ye ken, and I conseeder you played unco' naturally: but, heigh, mon, I'd a hard matter to keep frae laughing."

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A Thunderstorm Countenance.—Luigi Lablache had the extraordinary talent of representing a thunderstorm simply by facial expression. First, gloom gradually overspread his countenance; it appeared to deepen into actual darkness, and a terrific frown indicated the angry lowering of the tempest. The lightning commenced by winks of the eyes and twistings and twitchings of the muscles of the face, succeeded by rapid sidelong movements of the mouth, which wonderfully recalled the forked flashes that rend the sky, the notion of thunder being conveyed by the shaking of his head.

By degrees the lightning became less vivid, the frown relaxed, the gloom departed, and a broad smile, illuminating his face, gave the impression that the sun had broken through the clouds and the storm was over.

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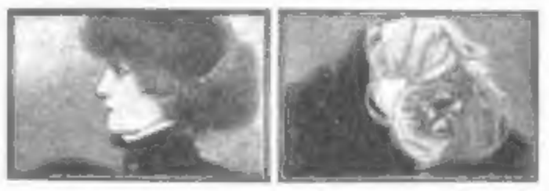

Bernhardt as an Old Woman.—In September, 1876, it was proposed to produce Rome Conquered at the Theatre Français. There are an old man and an old woman in that piece, and the question arose as to who was to impersonate the old woman. Not every actress is willing to abdicate her charms for a whole night.

Sarah Bernhardt, however, was ready to hide her youth and beauty under burnt-cork wrinkles and a white flaxen wig. She appeared as Posthumia, a blind old crone, wrinkled as a pippin in May. Mounet-Sully impersonated an aged Gaul. The success was immense; the public was fascinated, and the admiration of the talented actress nearly degenerated into sheer idolatry.

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Endorsing the Asp.—In Marmontel's tragedy of Cleopatra, represented in the Theatre Français, when the Egyptian Queen was about ready to commit suicide, she held in her hands a mechanical asp of cunning workmanship devised by Vaucanson, the most ingenious mechanician of his time.

This venomous reptile reared its head and, before plunging its apparent fangs into the arm of the actress, gave a shrill hiss. A spectator hereupon arose and left the house, with the simple but expressive remark, "I am of the same opinion as the asp."

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How Mathews Pawned a Spoon.—Charles Mathews was well known among his friends and admirers for his remarkable powers of rapid imitation and characterization.

He was invited once, with his manager and two others, to dine with a citizen, who, though he carried on a pawn-brokering business, was an amusing fellow. It seems he kept but one assistant, and, during the dinner hour, the host was called out of the dining-parlor, at the back of the shop, to attend a customer.

Mathews, altering his hair, turning up his collar and putting on another man's hat—of course with suitable change of countenance—took a large silver gravy-spoon from the table, ran into the street, and entering one of the little boxes that universally shield one customer from another at pawnbrokers' counters, pledged to his unsuspecting host his own piece of plate, and returned to his place at table as the pawnbroker re-entered the room, unconscious of the joke.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE POST BY H. CLAYTON GRAFF

THE FINEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD

By RENÉ BACHE

I—The Artistic Beauties of the Library

THERE is a certain feeling of satisfaction in knowing that in one respect, at all events, the United States is indisputably ahead of all the other nations of the earth. Its plant for a National Library is incomparably superior to that of any other country. There is nothing in Europe that can be considered approaching it, either in size or completeness. Incidentally, its building, while comparing well externally with any structure of ancient or modern times, possesses an interior more beautiful than that of any public edifice abroad. In this respect, though satisfactory data are lacking, it probably vies with the best that ancient Greece and Rome had to exhibit.

In one respect modern architecture, and even sculpture, would be sternly criticised by any *arbiter elegantiarum* of classical times who should be reincarnated in this age. He would declare that there was lack of color. He would not use the term in a transcendental sense, as implying lack of vivid motive; his idea would be to condemn the refusal of actual pigments as an aid to effect in art. The ancients were free with colors; they used them as Nature employs them, with a broad brush. Even their statues often were colored—a notion almost shocking to the modern mind. Were they wrong? If so, their superiority in art to the moderns has been grossly overestimated.

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The interior of the National Library building, at Washington, is a marvelous display of color effects. Without, the building is exquisite, but severe—a granite monument to literature, stern of aspect, and having the air of imperishability. Within, it reveals a gorgeousness which, less tastefully carried out, might be tawdry. In fact, however, it is a dream of beauty, delighting the eye. Everywhere are gold and bright hues, the general effect finding its expression, to the intelligence, in almost innumerable mural paintings which allegorize the progress of mankind. The decorations of the Library of Congress epitomize history; they tell the whole story of the growth of man, from the babyhood of savagery to the adult condition of civilization.

Before giving any more descriptive details it may be as well to say something about the evolution of the new library, which has required a full quarter of a century to come into being. The development of the National book collection, of course, has been concurrent with the growth of the nation itself. Up to within a few months of the present time it has been housed in the Capitol, extremely cramped for space in recent years, and hence not thoroughly available for use. As far back as 1872, the Librarian, Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, recommended the erection of a separate building to contain the collection, but not until 1886 was an appropriation made for the purchase of the site, which is a plot of ten acres, including three city blocks, on the plateau southeast of the Capitol. The foundations were laid in 1888, and the structure was completed in the spring of 1897. The net cost of the building, excluding site, was $6,032,124.

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The building faces upon four streets, and, with nearly two thousand windows, is the best-lighted library in the world. It is of the Italian Renaissance order of architecture, and has three stories, with a dome. In area it is four hundred and seventy feet by three hundred and forty feet, covering three and a half acres of ground. Embraced within it are four large courts. The dome is finished in black copper, with panels gilded with a thick coating of gold leaf. Above the dome proper is a great lantern surmounted by a smaller dome of shining gold, which uplifts a golden torch to a height of one hundred and ninety-five feet from the ground. It is the torch of Science, ever burning. The general plan of the structure consists of a central rotunda, from which radiate the book-stacks, the whole being inclosed in a parallelogram of galleries and pavilions.

Immediately on entering the Library by the main door the visitor finds himself in a magnificent apartment, which is said to be unapproached by any other entrance hall in the world. It rises seventy-two feet to a skylight, and, with its vaulted ceiling and grand double staircase, exhibits an architectural effect which may fitly be termed imposing. But what strikes the eye most of all is the brilliant color scheme of the decoration. It is like a fairy palace, lined with fine Italian marbles, and adorned with all the hues of the rainbow. At the same time, the whole is so admirably harmonious as to afford no suggestion of gaudiness. It is literally a vision in polished stone and color. The newel-posts of the stairways are surmounted by two colossal female figures in bronze, bearing electric lights, and the white marble balustrades are ornamented with figures by Martiny, exquisitely carved in relief, representing, in emblematic sculpture, the various arts and sciences.

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Through the great entrance hall one passes directly to the central rotunda, which is the reading-room of the Library. Certainly there has never been another such reading-room in the world. For its ceiling it has the dome of the building, which is lined with exquisite sculptures, set off with brilliant effects in gilding. The walls are of colored marbles, and are surmounted by groups of statuary and by colossal allegorical figures. This circular room is one hundred feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty-five feet high; around it runs a gallery, and it is lighted by eight enormous windows, each of them thirty-two feet wide. The sills of the windows are fifty-five feet above the floor, and the arrangement is such that no shadows are cast in any direction. At the same time, the amount of daylight is sufficient on the darkest days. The interior is yellow Sienna and quiet red African marble up to the gallery, above which the color is lighter yellow, merging into ivory and gold in the vault of the dome. These colors give an appearance of greater height to the room.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. CLAYTON GRAFF

ROTUNDA (PUBLIC READING-ROOM)—FROM THE GALLERY

In the centre of this great room is the elevated desk of the Librarian, who is thus enabled to survey everything. Surrounding the desk is a circular counter, at which his assistants are stationed for the purpose of transacting business with readers. For the accommodation of the latter there are three concentric circles of tables, occupying the remainder of the floor and affording ample desk-room for fully two hundred and fifty persons. Beneath the gallery, and running all around the room, are two tiers of alcoves, subdivided into spaces wherein special students, or readers desiring privacy and absolute quiet, may enjoy those privileges. There are forty-three such spaces, each eight to ten feet square, and each reader may have a table and facilities for writing and extended investigation. A stairway in each of the eight main piers, which surround the reading-room and carry the dome, gives convenient access to the alcoves.

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For the convenience of readers, ten thousand books are exposed in open cases—volumes of reference these—which anybody may take and examine without signing a card or going through any formality. Any other book must be ordered at the central desk. This desk is, in fact, a central station, from which communication is had with all parts of the building. It contains a set of twenty-four pneumatic tubes, by which written messages may be conveyed in leather tubes to any tier of the book-stacks. Also it contains the terminals of mechanical carriers, which fetch and carry volumes from and to the book-stacks, receiving and delivering them automatically. It is connected by telephone with both Houses of Congress, so that Senators and Representatives can readily order whatever books they require, and wires are so laid that intelligence can be exchanged by electricity with all parts of the building. The underground conduit-way, through which volumes are sent to the Capitol, and received from thence, has a terminal station beneath the central desk.

Radiating from the rotunda, or reading-room, are three great book-stacks—one on the north, another on the south, and a third, smaller one, on the east. The stacks are cast-iron frameworks supporting tiers of shelves, and rising in nine stories of seven tiers each to the roof. Each of the two larger stacks is sixty-five feet high, one hundred and twelve feet long, and forty feet wide. The shelves are of steel coated with magnetic oxide, and are as smooth as glass. The floors separating the tiers in the stacks are of white marble. The interior courts, into which the stacks look on both sides, are lined from ground to roof with enameled brick of the color of ivory, and four hundred windows pour a flood of light into each stack. The bricks which line the courts are glazed, so as to cause them to reflect as much light as possible.

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Each of the two large stacks has a shelving capacity for eight hundred thousand bound volumes; the smaller stack, with room for one hundred thousand books, is devoted to the special collection of the library of the Smithsonian Institution. The three stacks together have 231,680 running feet, or about forty-four miles, of shelving, furnishing accommodation for 2,085,120 volumes of books, reckoning nine to the foot. The capacity of the additional shelving, which may be placed in the first and second stories of the curtains of the northeast and south fronts, is about 2,500,000 volumes, and the ultimate capacity of the building for books without encroaching upon the pavilions, museum halls, or any part of the spacious basement section, is therefore upward of 4,500,000 volumes, or a trifle less than one hundred miles of shelving. The shelving now in place, be it observed, would stretch from Washington to Baltimore, and four miles beyond. The stacks, structurally speaking, are independent of the building, and it would be perfectly practicable to uplift them from the present nine stories to nineteen, or even twenty-nine, without strengthening the supports. In this way room could be made actually for 15,000,000 books! It is hard for the mind to realize such immensity.

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RENÉ BACHE

is the son of Richard Meade Bache, of Philadelphia, and a great-great-great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin. He was born in the Quaker City, and is thirty-seven years old. He was educated at Yale and Harvard, and began newspaper work as a reporter on the New York Sun fifteen years ago. During four years he did editorial work on the Boston Herald. In 1889 he went to Washington, and there opened up what was then an entirely new field from the newspaper point of view—namely, the field of popular science writing. He originated, practically, popular science writing for newspapers by newspaper men. His syndicate letters on such subjects, and relating to picturesque features of the Government's doings, are printed all over the United States.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The three articles in this illustrated series on The Finest Library in the World will appear in Numbers 52, 1 and 2, and will be devoted to three distinct phases of the subject:

I—The Artistic Beauties of the Library, June 25
II—The Mechanical Wonders of the Library, July 2
III—The Literary Treasures of the Library, July 9

The method of construction of the book-stacks is in itself a marvel. They are like gigantic honeycombs of iron, made in lattice-work pattern for lightness. The metal is proof against rust, thanks to a patent process. Combustible material being entirely absent, there is no possibility of fire. Books by themselves will not burn; they only smoulder. The shelves are made gridiron-fashion so as to afford no lodgment for dust. They will harbor no cockroaches or other insects that attack books. Bookworms, by the way, which make little round holes clear through a volume, from cover to cover, do not live on the pages, but on the paste of the binding. They are the larvæ of a very small, brown-winged beetle. The stacks being mere skeletons of iron, the books are kept cool, and well-ventilated, which is very important, inasmuch as heat causes them to decay, and bad air makes them mouldy and ruins their bindings.

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It seems altogether likely that the Library of Congress will have the biggest book collection in the world some day. At present it stands only fifth, with 787,715 bound volumes, and 218,340 pamphlets. The Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, stands first, with 2,225,000 volumes, including unbound works. Next comes the Library of the British Museum, which claims 1,700,000 volumes. The Berlin Library and the Imperial Library of Russia are about equal, each owning somewhat over 1,000,000 volumes. None of these great libraries is housed in a building that bears any comparison to the home of our own National book collection. The building occupied by the Bibliotheque Nationale is very well in its way, but not at all comparable to the structure at Washington, either in size, or in convenience of arrangement. The same may be said of the building of the Library at Berlin. The British Museum is merely an assemblage of antiquated and unrelated structures, in the midst of which an iron reading-room has been constructed without consideration for art.

Eight years were required for building the new Library of Congress, and the average number of men employed in the work, from beginning to end, was 500, including workmen in quarries and ironworks. From 150 to 400 were kept busy all the time on the actual construction of the edifice. When it is said that 23,000,000 bricks were required for the structure, the mind fails adequately to grasp the idea. The contract for granite alone called for a payment of $1,250,000. Some of the blocks of stone weighed more than ten tons. The exterior walls are of New Hampshire granite, the court walls of English enameled bricks, the roofs and dome of iron and steel, and the floors, of brick and terra-cotta, are carried by iron beams and girders of heavy proportions, and corresponding strength. The only combustible material is a carpet of boards in the office rooms and working-rooms, the window sashes of mahogany, and the doors of mahogany and oak. Thus the building is as nearly fireproof as any structure can be.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. CLAYTON SHARP

THE BRONZE DOORS "TRADITION"

The new building is ornamented and enriched by the works of the most eminent artists of the country. Twenty-three sculptors and twenty mural painters have been employed, and their pictures have a magnificent setting of the most beautiful and appropriate decorative designs in colors. One notable series of paintings tells the story of the Evolution of the Book. The first of the series represents the building of a cairn on the seashore by prehistoric man—a mere heap of boulders to commemorate some remarkable event. The second, emblematic of Oral Tradition, shows an Oriental story-teller relating his tale to a group of absorbed listeners. The third painting illustrates Hieroglyphics, which are being chiseled on a monumental tomb by an Egyptian stone-cutter. A pyramid rises in the background. The fourth is Picture Writing—a primitive American Indian recording on a painted buffalo robe his story of the war-trail and the chase. Fifth is the Manuscript, engrossed and illuminated by the mediæval monk. Sixth, and last, is the Printing Press, a fresh proof from which is being read by Gutenberg, the inventor of printing.

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Above the thirty-three windows of one of the corner pavilions, and of the west façade, are carved heads representing the various races of mankind. These, as shown in order, are the Russian Slav, the blonde European, the brunette European, the modern Greek, the Persian, the Circassian, the Hindu, the Hungarian, the Jew, the Arab, the Turk, the modern Egyptian, the Abyssinian, the Malay, the Polynesian, the Australian, the dwarf Negrito, the Zulu, the Papuan, the Soudan Negro, the pigmy Akka, the Fuegian, the Botocudo, the Pueblo Indian, the Eskimo, the Plains Indian, the Samoyed, the Japanese, the Corean, the Aino, the Burmese, the Thibetan, and the Chinese races. These are fully shown.

While the new Library was in process of building, there was a great marble yard shut off in one corner of it, where forty workmen were engaged in carving ornamental designs with mallet and chisel. In another corner modeling was done for bas-reliefs, many of which now adorn the inside of the dome. Many of the patterns were taken from the ancient Pompeian art works. The designs were first made in clay, and then were reproduced by moulds in a very hard stucco composition. Mechanical contrivances of modern invention have made this sort of work much easier than it was in former days. In Michael Angelo's time, he and his assistants used to do much of their modeling for bas-relief in the soft plaster-of-Paris direct. That is to say, the artist would slap a lump of it upon the surface to be decorated, moulding it in the proper shape before it got hard. No processes were then understood for multiplying designs by means of casts. The sculptor in charge at the library building made his moulds of glue.

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The material being elastic, the mould could be separated from the clay pattern, and served for making a large number of casts.

The Library of Congress is not merely a collection of books; it embraces various collateral departments, among which the Division of Copyrights is the most important. Then there is the Division of Maps, the Section of Music, the Department of Manuscripts, and a Gallery of the Graphic Arts. In the second story of the building is a special exhibit of Americana, comprising many rare and precious editions. Kept by itself is a very valuable assemblage of Washingtoniana. Hitherto all printing and bookbinding for the Library has been done outside, there being no space for such work in the Capitol, but now these things are done in the basement of the establishment.

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Until recently the Librarian of Congress was, at the same time, Register of Copyrights. This plan was disadvantageous obviously, inasmuch as it imposed a great amount of extra work, of a routine kind, upon the official whose sole business it should have been to take care of the books. It was owing to this unfortunate arrangement that Mr. Spofford found himself involved in such serious embarrassment a couple of years ago. Cramped by insufficient quarters, and hampered by lack of clerical help, the business of the Copyright Department got considerably mixed. Money was missing, and an investigation resulted in a demand upon Mr. Spofford for somewhat over $20,000, which he promptly paid. Though technically responsible, it was never imagined that he had been at fault, except in respect to strictness of bookkeeping. When the books were moved from the Capitol to the new Library building, there turned up great numbers of money orders for small sums, which had been stowed away by Mr. Spofford in desks and all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Most of them were for $1 each, and the aggregate was over $20,000. This was the missing cash, and the Government paid it over to the Librarian.

The offices of Librarian of Congress and Register of Copyrights were separated by an Act of Congress passed in February, 1897. At the same time, it was directed that the Copyright Department should be under the control of the Librarian, to whom the Register gives bond in $20,000. The Register of Copyrights makes monthly reports to the Librarian, and to the Secretary of the Treasury, and he is required to deposit in the Treasury, monthly, all the moneys currently received by him. This bureau is a source of quite a little income to Uncle Sam, the total expenditures being about $37,000 a year, while the receipts are $60,000 per annum, approximately.

Copyrights are granted only to citizens of the United States, or to citizens of those countries with which this Government has copyright relations. An Austrian, or a Russian, cannot get a copyright in this country. Our copyright relations, as extended by Presidential proclamations, are only with Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium and Switzerland. And only in those countries can Americans secure copyrights.

Of the two copies of each work copyrighted, one is kept on file in the Copyright Department, and the other is deposited in the Library of Congress proper. In this way the National book collection receives steady accretions, while from no other source has sprung the immense collection of musical compositions possessed by Uncle Sam, this latter amounting to over 1,000,000 pieces. In the same manner large collections of engravings, photographs and maps have been built up. There are enough games and toys stored away in the new Library building to stock several large toy shops.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD GREY DOUGLAS

LOOKING ACROSS THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL

Not a little of the printed matter submitted for copyrighting is immoral, and so unfit for publication as to render it liable to seizure under the laws. But, oddly enough, the Librarian of Congress has no discretion in this regard, and he is compelled to grant the copyright in every instance, so long as the material is original. A common fraud attempted is the request for a copyright on an old book, published under a new title. In order to guard against this, the assistants in charge of the copyright business must be familiar with everything that has been issued from the press. Obviously this is not wholly possible, but it is very rare for such a cheat to pass undiscovered.

One of the most beautiful features of the new Library building is its golden dome, which may be seen shining and glittering in the sunlight from a distance of twenty miles on a clear day. More gold was used on it than on any other gilded dome in the world, 10,000 square feet of surface requiring to be covered. There are not many golden domes in existence. Those of the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris; the Connecticut State House, at Hartford, and the Massachusetts State House, at Boston, are the best known, but none of them approaches in size the gleaming dome of the Library of Congress.

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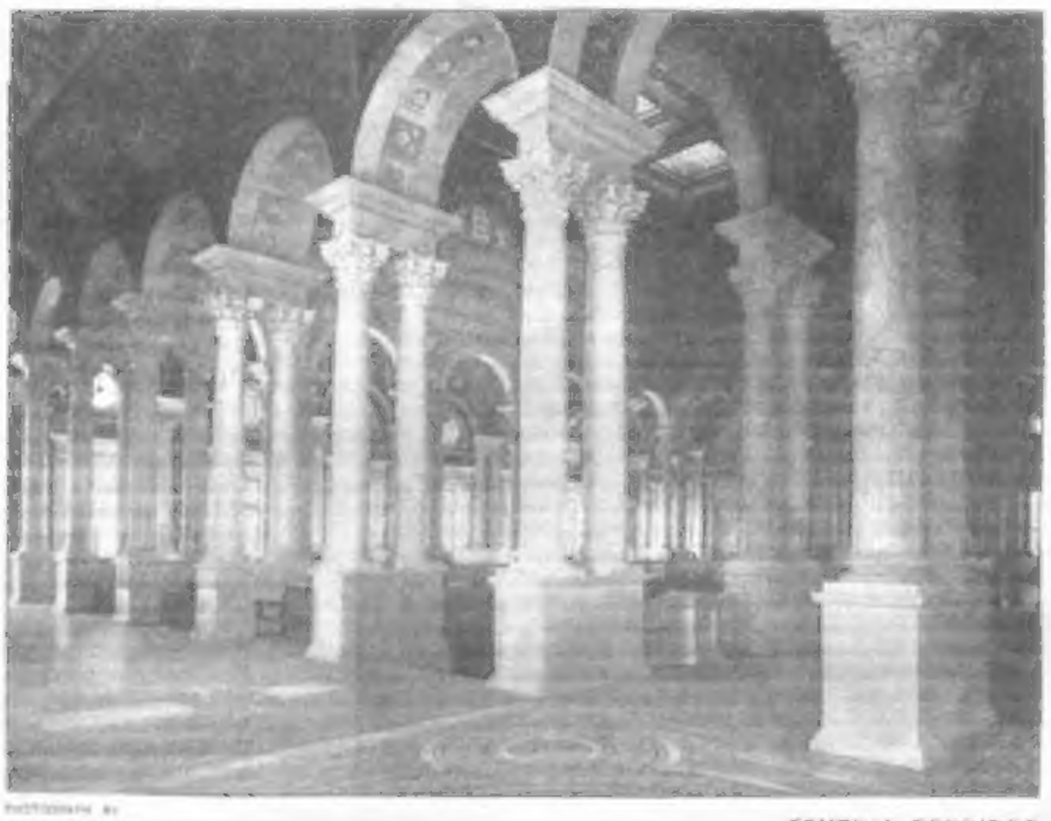
Gold is worth at the mints about $20 an ounce. Purchased by the Government in the form of gold leaf, it came to $27 an ounce. In this shape it had to be spread over the dome bit by bit, the workmen toiling at the dangerous altitude, under protection of canvas to keep the wind from blowing the precious stuff away. One ounce of gold makes 2000 sheets of leaf, each sheet being four inches square, and will cover thirty square feet with an enduring film. This golden film is useful as well as beautiful. Despite its extreme thinness, it will defy the weather for years and years. It preserves the material beneath it from decay. In a comparatively mild climate, like that of Washington, the gilding of a dome will last as long as the building itself.

The original architectural plans of the new Library were drawn by John L. Smithmeyer and Paul J. Pelz. The wonderful book-stacks were invented and designed by the present Engineer-in-Charge, Bernard R. Green. The cost of the structure, including site, came within the $6,500,000 appropriated by Act of Congress.



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. CLAYTON SHARP

CENTRAL CORRIDOR AND LIGHT WELL

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

Voting Privilege in Army and Navy

The enlistment of voters for the volunteer Army is causing alarm among professional politicians. In some States, as New York and Pennsylvania, there are local conditions which render the ballot of every voter desirable. How the privilege of voting can be extended to citizens serving with the armies in the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, as well as those in the various naval squadrons, is a problem of much importance and perplexity. A qualified citizen cannot be deprived of his vote, but how are the soldier and sailor to cast it?

If the States individually do not prescribe means for securing the Army and Navy votes for state officers, the Congressional plan may be extended to cover State offices as well. The preliminary Congressional plan recognizes the place where the soldier or sailor is serving as a part of the State where he has a right to vote, but ignores State requirements as to previous registration.

A poll may be opened by any detached company, battery, or regiment, or a detached part of either, and an election held for representative in Congress, the electors will choose three judges of election from among themselves, and the manner and certification of these elections are to conform as nearly as possible to the election laws of the several States. The plan also provides that a citizen qualified at the time of his muster except as to age, who reaches lawful age by the time of the election, will be allowed to cast his vote as if he were still at home.

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The Chile Peru Arbitration

The submission to the arbitration of [illegible] of the territory [illegible] Peru appears significant because of the conditions out of which the dispute grew. Peru and Bolivia waged a war against Chile in 1879-84, in which Chile was victorious. Under the treaty of peace Bolivia ceded the rich province of Antofagasta to Chile, and Peru ceded conditionally her provinces of Tacna and Arica, and, unconditionally, the province of Tarapaca. This treaty was severe on Bolivia and Peru as the former lost her entire seaboard district, with its great stores of nitrate and guano, and the latter lost temporarily her extensive nitrate deposits.

In the case of Peru the treaty determined that Chile should hold the provinces of Tacna and Arica for ten years, that a vote of their people should then decide to which of the two countries they should belong, and that the country taking them should pay the other $10,000,000. This popular vote should have been taken in 1894, but the two countries have never been able to agree on the method of taking the vote. Both have now agreed to refer the entire matter to arbitration. The presumption is that Chile prefers the provinces with their great increase from nitrate to the $10,000,000.

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The Mineral Wealth of America

An expert report on the mineral productions of the United States during the year 1897, recently issued, shows a total valuation of $678,000,014, a slight increase over that of the preceding year. This aggregate was more than double that of the United Kingdom for the same period, and considerably larger than that of all the other European countries combined. The most important mineral products and value were—in their order—coal, iron, gold, copper, petroleum, silver and lead. The yield of coal was the largest ever reported for a single year, and gave the United States the first place in this industry. More than sixty per cent of the copper supply of the world is now taken from our mines, and nearly half of the annual output is shipped to foreign countries.

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Porto Rico for Indemnity

The State and War Departments are agreed that the United States should hold the island of Porto Rico as security for the payment by Spain, after the close of the war, of such an indemnity as may be levied against her. Our early operations did not contemplate any formidable movement against this island. It was merely one of the unexpected incidents of war that Rear Admiral Sampson made an attack on the fortifications of San Juan, for the purpose of testing their strength and of ascertaining if the fugitive Spanish fleet from the Cape Verde Islands had taken refuge there. The island for a variety of reasons now considered the best available possession of Spain that could be seized and held for indemnity purposes.

Porto Rico, with its small dependent islands, has constituted a province of Spain since 1870. Its gross area, 3,714 square miles, makes it somewhat larger than Delaware and much smaller than Connecticut. By the census of 1887 it had a total population of 813,937, of which 300,000 were negroes. The principal towns are San Juan, Ponce, and San Germain. According to the latest commercial reports the value of its imports is $5,050,300, and exports, $14,[illegible] both in United States gold. The total duty received is about $5,000,000, and expenditure, $4,500,000. Nearly the whole surface is under cultivation. The principal products are coffee, sugar and tobacco for exportation, and maize for home use. There are no minerals of consequence. The island has large cattle interests, and a great many hides are exported every year. The principal part of its trade is with Spain.

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Removing the Last Traces of Our Civil War

It was well that the National House of Representatives passed the bill removing political disabilities incurred under the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. Congress had already, at different times, passed laws removing these disabilities from the majority of people subject to the law, and there are but few remaining to whom the final removal will bring any relief. The disability clause forms Section 3 of the Amendment, and provides that no person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States or under any State, who, having taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States before [illegible] into any office as here indicated, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the Government of the United States or given aid to its enemies.

Congress was authorized to remove such disability by a two-thirds vote of each House. This clause was deemed a political necessity when enacted. It is now practically a dead letter. The animosities of a generation have been thoroughly extinguished.

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The Divisions of Our Navy

The largest division of the United States Navy in offensive or defensive operations is the fleet, comprising twelve or more vessels, and commanded by an officer of the highest rank, known as the flag officer. Before the abolition of the ranks of Admiral and Vice Admiral, the flag officer held one of those ranks, or, as at present, that of Rear Admiral. Where no Rear Admiral is available, a Commodore may be appointed flag officer with the rank of Acting Rear Admiral, as was the case with Sampson.

A full fleet is separated into three divisions of one, two or three squadrons each, and each squadron should comprise at least four vessels. Divisions may be commanded by Rear Admirals junior to the flag officer, or by Commodores, according to circumstances. Squadrons are the proper commands for Commodores, but they may also be under the senior Captain in the fleet.

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Scheme of the Census of 1900

It was hoped that the plan for taking the census of the United States in 1900 would yield results more in keeping with the real objects of a census than did the schemes for the work in 1880 and 1890. The plan outlined by the Senate Committee on the Census is partly in the spirit of this hope, and largely objectionable to many because of what may be done under it. Constitutionally, the census is an enumeration of the people only. In 1890 the law invested the census officers with many powers that could only be enforced toward timid people.

It authorized the demand, under various penalties, of a mass of information which was the private, personal business of the individual citizen or of the commercial and manufacturing corporation. It enabled a certain class of theorists to publish their hobbies at the expense of the Government and gave rise to grave scandals.

Under the present plan inquiries are apparently restricted to population, mortality, the products of agriculture, of manufacturing and mechanical establishments, and these reports only are to be published in volume form. The bill, further on, gives the Director authority to repeat the [illegible] processes of 1890. These will yield [illegible] of statistics of value to but few people comparatively, will greatly increase the cost of the work, and, as before, will provoke wholesale falsehood and concealment of facts.

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Reciprocity With France

The new commercial [illegible] between the United States and France, the first one concluded under Section 3 of the Dingley Tariff Law of 1897. It is an agreement in which reciprocal and equivalent concessions are made by both Governments in the matter of customs duties on articles of commerce (products and manufactures) passing between the two countries. In each country the former rates of duty on specified articles are suspended, and new ones, based on the tariff law and reciprocally accepted by France are substituted.

The United States gains a reduction of one-half the former French tariff rate on most products and of about one third on lard compounds. France gains a reciprocal reduction in American rates on brandies, still wines, vermouth and works of art. These are principal articles of commerce between the countries. The agreement includes a variety of minor ones. The execution of this agreement, coupled with the unequivocal declarations of President Faure concerning the attitude of France toward the United States, was a matter of high gratification to President McKinley and the United States Government.

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Why Official War Reports Are Slow

Our highest Government officials have been quite severely criticised for their slowness in relieving the anxieties of the people as to the movements of the war. It has been noted on several occasions that reports by accredited correspondents and credible eye-witnesses have preceded official reports by several days. It should be borne in mind, however, that the Government reports facts and not rumors, and that to be able to do this requires from commanding officers in the Army and Navy statements that show as far as possible completed action.

The report of a General or an Admiral on operations under him involves reports from all his principal subordinates, showing what each one did, and gained, and lost. From these scattered reports the Commander compiles his report, summarizing all the results, and this goes to the Secretary of his department in Washington who, in turn, usually makes it public, in its original form, when the public interest permits. The official report of facts requires much more time to compile than the newspaper report, in which facts do not always appear to be essential.

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Is There Any Seigniorage to Coin?

The Post has already shown that the seigniorage of coin is the difference between the cost of the bullion and the value of the coin, or the profit to the Government in coining. The whole subject of bimetallism was reopened in Congress [illegible], the discussion of the War Revenue Bill. An amendment to the bill in the Senate demanded the coinage of the seigniorage and of all silver in the Treasury—a measure which the House had previously stamped with its disapproval.

The interesting point is raised as to whether there is any seigniorage at all that may be coined. Between the cost and the [illegible] price of the silver bullion purchased under the Sherman Act, there is a declined differential of thirty-two cents per ounce. The bullion that cost $155,931,002 is now worth something less than $101,950,000; therefore [illegible] simple commercial transaction, the Government has lost nearly $54,000,000. The Senate amendment treated this loss as a gain, and called for the issue of $42,000,000 in certificates against it.

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What the Monroe Doctrine Means To-day

In 1823, when many prominent American statesmen feared that the Holy Alliance was about to restore all South America to Spain, President Monroe made [illegible] declarations in his message to Congress which have become a conspicuous part of our general National policy. The Monroe Doctrine is an American barrier against foreign encroachment on American territory. It is neither liked nor recognized by foreign nations, but it has been clung to tenaciously by American Presidents and legislators ever since its enunciation. To-day, no principle in the system of our Government is more vital.

The declarations comprising this doctrine briefly are that we should consider any attempt on the part of the allied Powers to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety; that the American continents should not be subjects for any new European colonial settlement, and that while we should not interfere with existing colonies or dependencies, we would not view an interposition for oppressing them or controlling their destiny in any manner by any European Power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward us.

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The McCord Claim Against Peru

The appointment of Sir Henry Strong, noted English jurist, [illegible] arbitrator to settle the amount of the indemnity to be paid by Peru to Victor H. McCord, a citizen of the United States, indicates a speedy termination of an international controversy of more than twenty years' standing. Mr. McCord, residing in Peru. The United States claimed that he was one of its consular agents. Peru denied that he held any office under the United States when arrested and declared that he was merely the superintendent of the National Railway of Peru.

Under a charge that he had given aid to the revolutionists in that year, he was arrested and sentenced to be shot, but the penalty was commuted to a fine, which he paid. Soon afterward he filed in the United States a claim against Peru for damages to the total amount of $200,000. The State Department took up his case, but it dragged slowly till the summer of 1897, when Secretary Olney made an imperative demand for the immediate payment of $50,000 in full settlement. It was this demand that led to the agreement under which Sir Henry Strong will arbitrate the question of damages.

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The Great Wheat Deal and Its Results

The greatest deal in wheat on record has run its length, after an exciting and fluctuating existence of about fourteen weeks, and young Joseph Leiter, of Chicago, its chief manipulator, is already hailed as the American phenomenon of commerce. There have been other deals in which either a greater amount of wheat or a larger cash expenditure was involved, but the Leiter movement had dashing features which made it top them all. While the deal was on, the extreme range of prices was from sixty-four and a half cents to one dollar and eighty-five cents per bushel, thus carrying the commodity far beyond the politicians' cry, in 1896, of "dollar wheat."

The effects of the deal, according to intelligent observers, has proven highly beneficial in several directions. It is declared that on [illegible],000,000 bushels marketed while the deal was on the farmer profited to the extent of $[illegible],000, reckoned on an advance of thirty cents per bushel over previous years, and the railroads to the extent of $50,000,000. The increased price to the farmer stimulated him to increase his acreage of grain generally, and he is reported to have made $[illegible],000 additional on corn, and about $[illegible],000,000 additional [illegible].

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Home Rule for American Cities

The electors of San Francisco have adopted a charter which is an advanced example of the exercise of municipal home rule. Under the State Constitution, which vests cities with the right of framing their own charters, subject only to the veto power of the Legislature, San Francisco put into its new charter several provisions that are uncommon to the American municipalities. Absolute home rule is guaranteed by a clause giving the people the right to make such amendments from time to time as they deem necessary or advantageous without first asking the approval of the Legislature.

Another striking feature is the introduction of the Swiss system known as the "initiative and referendum." Whenever fifteen per cent of the electors unite in a petition for the purpose, they can have any subject of legislation brought up for a vote, and if it is approved by a majority of the voters it becomes a part of the municipal law without reference or appeal to the Legislature.

Discontent of Modern Life

BY WALTON W. BATTERSHALL, D. D.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Four

Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.—This is a

AGAINST this exhortation of Saint Paul, which breaks upon us like the song of a lark soaring and singing in the dawn of the new faith and hope that Christ brought to the world, let me quote a passage from the journal of Amiel—those fascinating confessions of a keyed, exquisite soul who lost himself in the tangled forest of modern doubt and whose keenest sense of life was the riddle of it.

The happy man, as this century is able to produce him, is one who keeps a brave face before the world, and distracts himself the best he can from dwelling upon the thought which is hidden in his heart—a thought which has in it the sadness of death, the thought of the irreparable. The outward peace of such a man is but despair well masked; his gayety is the recklessness of a heart which has lost all its illusions and learned to acquiesce in an indefinite putting off of all happiness. His wisdom is really acclimatization to sacrifice, his gentleness should be taken to mean privation patiently borne rather than resignation. In a word, he submits to an existence in which he feels no joy, and he cannot hide from himself that all the alleviations with which it is strewn cannot satisfy the soul. The thirst for the Infinite is never appeased. God is wanting.

God help us, if this is the true photograph of a happy man, according to this nineteenth century! God keep us from being like it.

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The fact of the matter is, that Amiel was born with a distaste for life. The complexity of it bewildered him. The oneness of it overbore him. The vital force in his nature, instead of leaping up in a strong, persistent jet, flinging its many colored spray against the sun, lay like a forest pool, whose surface the images of the stars by turns gleamed and were lost amid the waving shadows of the overhanging foliage. He knew how to think and to put his thoughts in deep voiced words of sombre music, but he never learned, and he was tortured with the suspicion, that there was something in him which made it impossible for him to learn how to live. A soul profoundly serious, and delicately sensitive to righteousness and beauty, his whole life was spent in a futile [illegible]. He subjected it to the analysis of his metaphysics, and the only thing that was left of it was a dream, a dream wonderful and mystical, with the whispers of conscience and the voices of duty ringing through it, but still a dream, flitting across the abyss of those other and vaster dreams—the universe and God.

The picture of a man who sits with his finger on his pulse, watching the history of his disease and describing its symptoms, is not an enlivening spectacle. But Amiel has touched, as few men have touched, the heart of the generation with the pathetic story of his inner life, and his deep insight and luminous words are of use to us, for the disease from which he suffered is in some sort, the malady of the age. The most characteristic symptom of the malady that afflicts the life, the thought, the art, the religion of the day, is want of joyousness. With all of our improvements in the appliances of life we miss the joy we might get out of it.

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As far as I can see, men have not fallen backward, they have made and are making day by day, perceptible advances along the line of the social moralities. Many of the moral ideals of what some are fond of calling the ages of faith, of the mediæval centuries, yea, of a century ago, seem to us a very crude translation of the ethics of Christ.

Unquestionably we have lost something in strength of life, it may be, in sturdy and heroic quality of character, but we have gained a large conception of love and purity and temperance of what Christ meant by saving the soul, and the brotherhood of man and the kingdom of God on this [illegible]. Our science is [illegible]'s unsuspecting forces of Nature from their lairs and pressing them to our use and convenience. If there be joy in knowledge, in power, in the service of material forces in the comforts of life, in change of scene and in exchange of thought, the world has prodigiously increased its furniture of joy. Beyond question, too, the world of to-day places a high count on happiness. Never did men [illegible] it so keenly with such persistency of purpose, with such organization of methods, with such ingenious instruments.

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And yet the chief characteristic of our modern life is its lack of joy. You see it in the literature of the day, in the pictures, the music, the poems, the novels, that express the artistic temper of the times. You see it in the faces of men and women on the streets. They are anxious, eager. They are hunting for something. What is it? Money, livelihood, luxury, influence, power? What do these mean? Surely, in some sort, and in the last result, happiness. Evidently the [illegible] has escaped them. And then there are those who tell us that the game is not worth the candle. They give it up. These are the pessimists and cynics of life, who go through the world vociferously shouting, or, more generally, sit in their cushioned corner, sadly murmuring the question of the scoffer in the Psalm, "Who will show us any good?" What is the cause of this joylessness that has fallen on our modern life? When we have found its cause, we have got a long way in the finding of its cure.

Let me ask another question. What is the difference between Saint Paul ringing out his [illegible] note, "Rejoice in the Lord!" and the sad, metaphysical, introspective Frenchman, chanting his threnody of doubt and despair? Amiel, with his acute and exhaustive self-study, discerned the point of difference, and he tells us the name of the malady that was eating the joy out of his life. "The thirst for the Infinite," he says, "is never appeased. God is wanting." He was a child of his generation, and he put his finger on the hidden spring of the joylessness in the life of to-day. "God is wanting." This is the secret of the discontent, the unrest, the sadness of the age. This is the reason why men of the world spend their lives building a cage for joy, making it strong, loading it with decoration, but with all their wooing can never get the bird to come into the cage. This is the reason why men in the Church, for the most part, have set their Christianity to the minor key, and give in their lives only here and there faint echoes of its notes of joy.

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Let us bring this matter home to us. You believe in God, you say. You believe that Christ came to show you God's love, and teach you His truth, and bring you into conformity to His law and likeness. Well, a man may believe all this, or say he believes it, and yet God, in any deep and real sense, may be utterly wanting to his life. The apostles of Christ's religion believed this, and what was the result of it? You know the history, the circumstance and setting of their lives. They went forth to proclaim this faith to the world. It was a world something like that of to-day in its secular grandeur and pride of life, its thirst for pleasure and want of joy. They were outcasts from all the comfort and happiness and honor that the world had to give. They were scorned and hunted to death. And yet what do you find in the writings that they have left us? A strange thing, joy in life, joy in toil, in suffering, in agonizing. All around them was the unrest of doubt and the fever of voice and despair of godliness. You get appalling glimpses of the deep-rooted misery in men's hearts in the pagan literature of the period. The apostles were plunged into the turbid tide. Yet what restfulness of faith, what hope and energy and courage, [illegible] sense of spiritual mastery. "Breathe through their words!" "Your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no [illegible] taketh from you." Christ hath said. Master fulfilled His promise. The proof of it is on those pages on which Saint Paul flung his glowing heart.

And this same promise holds to-day. The religion of Christ has suffered no change. It holds for men now the same forces which in apostolic days, poured an unknown strength and peace into human hearts, and lifted human lives into an unearthly sunshine. Now, as then, it is a message to be believed, but, above all, it is a life to be lived. And if it be a life, it is a joy. Christ's promise of joy is uncanceled. It is rooted in the nature of things. All life, if it rise into the realm of self-consciousness, means joy. Otherwise, God, being good, would not pour out such torrents of life. The mere outflow and inflow of life, if it be healthful and unimpeded, brings happiness to all conscious, living creatures. And the soul, which has such hunger for joy, which has such capacities for the most exquisite phases of joy, finds only in the life of God its rest and fulfillment. God, with the faiths and loves and hopes that He has given us in Christ, feeds the hunger of the soul, just as God, with the air and the sunshine, feeds the hunger of the flower. The satisfaction of hunger is joy; it is so in every case.

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Yes; the life of the world is joyless because it thrusts God from its thoughts. If our life be joyless it is because we talk of God, but fail to throw open the door of our heart so that the life of God may come in and possess us. If we believed, as Saint Paul believed, in God and the love of God revealed in Christ, our lives would overflow with the joy of Christ. "What!" you say, "can I have joy, with all this misery of the world flowing about me and beating in upon me, with all the horrible possibilities of pain and disaster lying in wait along the pathway of my life? Can I have joy in my toil, in the cares and worries of the world and the household, in my struggle with temptation, when I fall into sin, when sickness comes and enfeeblement of power, when the shadows lengthen in the afternoon of life, and the light fades into twilight? Can I sing glad songs when I sit in the night with my heart full of tears and the memories of vanished faces?" Yes, God is in your toil and your temptation and in the darkest midnight of your sorrow. No accident of your life need obscure or interrupt His life in your soul.

You know how a living spring gushes up from the earth. It does not depend upon showers or the inflowing of rivulets. It is not fed from the surface. It has its source deep down in the bosom of the rock. The joy of God, if His life be in your heart, is such a living spring. It rises from depths that nothing can exhaust. It deepens with its outflowing. It will not ebb away when you need it most. You can drink of it in the heat of the battle and in the weary marches of the day, and when you stand alone sentinel in the storm and darkness of the night. You can rely on it at all times. It will always be ready to sustain you in your life journey, and help you to reach your home in Heaven.

Rejoice in the Lord," says Saint Paul. He repeats the word "rejoice" as if this were the emphatic word. The life and religion of to-day need to ponder this reiterated command of the Christian Apostle. Christ came to bring God's joy to men. Joy for evermore belongs to the sisterhood of the Christian graces. "Rejoice in the Lord always."

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Editor's Note.—The sermons in the Post Series represent practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best [illegible] as thinkers of the world. Each sermon is taken from the interpretations of Life and Religion. Published by A. S. Barnes & Company, New York. The first five are:

I	The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond	May 28
II	Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III	Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV	The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25
V	The Meaning of Manhood	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9

WALTON W. BATTERSHALL, D. D.

for nearly a quarter [illegible] Rector of St. [illegible] Church, Albany, was born in [illegible] at Troy University, but [illegible] pleted his course [illegible] from which he gradu[illegible] 1864. He studied theol[illegible] under Dr. Henry C. Pot[illegible] now Bishop of New York [illegible] 1865, entered the [illegible] York City, from which he graduated in 1868. In that same year he was advanced to the priesthood by the Bishop Horatio Potter. Dr. Battershall's first ministerial work was at Zion Church, New York. In 1884 he began his present pastorate at St. Peter's Church, Albany. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was [illegible] him, with appropriate ceremonies, by Union College in the year 18[illegible].

The Great Questions of Life

Compiled by William Moodie

The Majesty of Eternity.—Let us imagine ourselves a huge mountain, the largest on the face of the earth—a great, solid mass of granite rock. And suppose that, once every hundred years, a little bird came flying to the top of the mountain, and rested there, and merely dusted its beak upon the summit. The time it would take before the bird's beak, with its little tap every hundred years, had completely worn away and leveled the whole mountain—is only a moment of eternity. And we have to live through that.—William George.

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Confidence of Immortality.—Are we sure that we are without God? When Rufus Choate took ship for that port where he died, some friend said, "You will be here a year hence." "Sir," said the great lawyer, "I shall be here a hundred years hence and a thousand years hence." Plato, in his Phædo, represents Socrates as saying in the last hour of his life, to his inconsolable followers: "You may bury me if you can catch me." He then added, with a smile and an intonation of unfathomable thought and tenderness, "Do not call this poor body Socrates, when I have drunk the poison, I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed. I would not have you sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the interment, 'Thus we lay out Socrates,' or 'Thus we follow him to the grave and bury him.' Be of good cheer; say that you are burying my body only."—Rev. Joseph Cook.

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The Unity of the Eternal.—Over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Above one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, "All that which pleases is only for a moment." Over the other is a sculptured cross, and the words, "All that which troubles is but for a moment." Beneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is which is eternal."—Rev. Paul Dunbar.

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Foreshadowings of the Infinite.—I was read[illegible] the other day that, on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives of fishermen whose husbands have gone far out upon the deep are in the habit, at eventide, of going down to the seashore and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn. After they have sung it, they listen till they hear, borne by the wind across the desert sea, the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves; and both are happy. Perhaps, if we could listen, we, too, might hear on this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper borne from afar, to remind us that there is a Heaven and a home for us "in that mysterious realm" of God.—Dr. Cumming.

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The Mystery of Immortality.—The first reflection which occurs is to represent the great mistake of refusing to believe in the continuity of individual life because of the incomprehensibility of it. Existence around us, illuminated by modern science, is full of antecedently incredible occurrences; one more or less makes no logical difference. There is positively not a single prodigy in the ancient religions but has its every day illustration in Nature. The transformations of classic gods and goddesses are grossly commonplace to the magic of the medusa, which is now filling our summer seas with floating bells of crystal and amethyst. Born from the glassy goblet of their mother, the young hydrozoon becomes first a free germ, resembling a rice grain; next a fixed cup with four lips; then those lips turn to tentacles, and it is a hyaline flower, which presently splits across the calyx into segments, and the protean thing has grown into a pine cone, crowned with a tuft of transparent filaments. The cone changes into a series of sea-daisies, threaded on a pearly stalk, and these one by one break off and float away, each a perfect little medusa, with purple bell and trailing tentacles. What did Zeus or Hermes ever effect like that? What could be more wonderful?

WIT OF THE CHILDREN

Compiled from Contemporaries

Johnnie's Own Interpretation.—Sunday-school Teacher (sadly)—"I'm afraid, Johnnie, that I will never meet you in Heaven." Johnnie—"Why? What have you been doing now?"

A Victim to Science.—Mamma—"Remember, Frankie, what the dentist said about candy ruining your teeth." Frankie—"Yes; but why don't you let me prove it, like we do in 'rithmetic?"

The Other Horn of the Dilemma.—Old Gentleman—"My, my! I don't like to see little boys cry. Boys who get hurt should act like men." Boy—"Boo, hoo! Then I'd only get li-licked fer swearin'."

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Reasoning by Analogy.—Auntie had told four-year-old Merle about Elijah going up to Heaven in a chariot of fire. Seeing a hearse leaving the cemetery, he said: "Well, I guess there goes Elijah for another load."

Suffering Vicariously.—Father to Son—"Why don't you sit down, Tommy?" Tommy—"This morning I asked you how many made a million, an' you said 'darned few.' I told teacher that in arithmetic class, an' that's why I can't sit down."

Most Justifiable Swearing.—Sunday-school Teacher—"Tommy, I was shocked to hear you swearing so dreadfully at that strange boy as he came in." Tommy—"I couldn't help it, ma'am. He was making fun at our kind of religion. I couldn't stand it."

How Johnnie Sized It Up.—"Now," said the teacher, who was defining the meaning of suicide, "if I should take a large dose of arsenic to-night, what would you call me?" "A chump," cried Johnny, with that eagerness to impart knowledge characteristic of the abnormally bright mind.

For Value Received.—Mamma (to little daughter)—"Never forget to thank God for everything, my child." Child—"If I didn't like it, too?" Mamma—"Yes, always; everything is for the best." Child (running in an hour later)—"Mamma, thank God, I've broke the new pitcher."

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An Internal Warfare.—A little girl was found rolling on the floor in the agonies of colic. Between her sobs she explained the reason for her trouble as follows: "I ate some pickles and drank some milk, and the pickles told the milk to get out, and the milk said it wouldn't, and they're having an awful fight. Oh, my! Oh, my!"

A Triple Combination.—The teacher asked her class to put the nouns "boys," "bees," and "bears" into a sentence. The scholars thought intently for a few moments, when one ragged youngster, with a look of victory on his face, raised his hand. "Well, Johnnie, what is your sentence?" "Boys bees bare when they go in swimmin'."

Where Prayer Was Needed.—Mrs. Stimson—"My little boy has been very wicked to-day. He got into a fight and got a black eye." The Rev. Dr. Drowsle—"So I perceive. Willie, come into the other room and I will wrestle in prayer for you." Willie—"You'd better go home and wrestle in prayer for your own little boy. He's got two very black eyes."

Misjudging Willie.—The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy?" "Mamma," said Willie, wiping the blood from his nose, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"

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Higher Criticism in the Nursery.—It happened in Sunday-school. The subject under discussion was Solomon and his wisdom. A little girl was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who disputed the possession of a child. She timidly rose up and answered: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarreling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other said, 'No; this is my child.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make twins of him, so each can have one!'"

Inherited His Mother's Spelling.—A teacher in one of the schools in Boston received the following note the other morning from one of her pupils:

> "*Dear Miss Jones:* Please ekscoose little Tommy fer his absens yestiday as he was kwite ill, and the doctor tole me to keep him in bed. So I let him stay home.
>
> "Yours respectively,
>
> "MISSUS SMITH."

The teacher was a trifle suspicious. "Tommy," said she sternly, "who wrote that note?" "My-er-ma did, if you please, ma'am." "Well, I must say that some of that spelling is remarkably like the spelling you give me." The little fellow was equal to the occasion. "Yes, ma'am," said he; "every one says that as far as spellin' is concerned I'm the dead image of my ma."

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

WHAT JANE JONES TOLD ME

By BEN KING

JANE JONES keeps a-whisperin' to me all the time,
An' says: "Why don't you make it a rule
To study your lessons, an' work hard an' learn,
An' never be absent from school?
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
How he climb up to the top;
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in the blacksmithin' shop."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top
Is not never havin' no blacksmithin' shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
But full o' ambition an' brains,
An' studied philosophy all 'is hull life—
An' see what he got for his pains.
He brought electricity out of the sky
With a kite, an' the lightnin' an' key,
So we're owin' him, more 'n any one else,
Fer all the bright lights 'at we see.
Jane Jones she actually said it was so;
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, what's allers been hinderin' me
Is not havin' any kite, lightnin' or key.

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme;
An' all the Spaniards an' Italians, too,
They laughed and just said 'twas a dream;
But Queen Isabella she listen'd to him,
An' pawned all her jewels o' worth,
An' bought 'im the Santa Marier 'nd said:
"Go hunt up the rest of the earth."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Mebbe he did—I dunno;
'Course, that may all be, but you must allow
They ain't any land to discover just now.—Poems.

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The Flag That Tripped Booth

REMOVAL from one room in the Treasury building to another of the flag which tripped John Wilkes Booth and caused him to fall and break his leg the night he shot Abraham Lincoln, has raised the question as to the proper disposition of that famous bit of bunting, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

Grand Army of the Republic men want it sent to the National Museum, where it can be properly taken care of. The flag happens to be in the Treasury Department because it was presented to the Treasury Light Guard, along with another, in 1864, by the women of the department. This banner guard was of good use when Jubal Early was threatening the capital, but it did not do any fighting.

April 12, 1865, two nights before the assassination of President Lincoln, the Treasury Guard gave an entertainment at Ford's Theatre for charitable purposes. The theatre was beautifully decorated. On the boxes occupied two nights later by President Lincoln and the White House party were the two flags mentioned. They gave the boxes such a pretty appearance that the manager of the theatre requested that the flags be allowed to remain until the night of the fourteenth, when the President was expected to be in attendance at a play.

The request was granted, and on the arrival of the President at the Theatre the fatal night he commented with pleasure on the decorations, and expressed admiration for the flag which hangs in the Treasury. In jumping from the box, after shooting the President, to the stage below, one of the spurs on Booth's boot caught in the folds of the flag, causing him to lose his balance and fall, thereby breaking his leg. The rent in the flag has been on exhibition for years.

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$32,500,000 for Harbors

THE new Admiralty Harbor, about to be constructed at Dover, England, will provide shelter, anchorage and coaling facilities for all the vessels of the Channel Squadron. It will take ten years to build, and its estimated cost is $17,500,000, says the New York Observer. In 1844 a Royal Commission pointed out the need of such a harbor, but nothing was done about it until 1886, when Sir William Harcourt, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced a bill to carry out the Commission's recommendations. The scheme, however, was not received with favor by the House of Commons at that time. Sir William's plan, revived by the present administration, is to be proceeded with. The area occupied by the harbor will be 610 acres, of which 310 acres will be situated beyond the five-fathom line. The present Admiralty Pier will be continued in an east-southeast direction for 2000 feet, and three sea-walls, or breakwaters, will be built, the total length of the new works being 13,370 feet. Additions to the dockyard accommodation of Devonport are also being made, at a cost of $15,000,000. There will be a closed basin, thirty-five and a half acres in extent, a large tidal basin, and four graving docks. The main thing to be seen at present is an immense temporary cofferdam, a mile and a half in length, the largest ever built. Sixty million cubic feet of mud will be removed from the inclosed basin.

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The Most Wonderful Lake in the World

ONE of the greatest scenic wonders of the United States, as well as one of the most impressive natural formations in the world, is Crater Lake, Oregon, says Leisure Hours. The lake is hidden away in the summit of the Cascade Range, in Southern Oregon, a few miles north of the California boundary, and being also several days' journey from a railroad, comparatively few people have visited it since it became known to white men, in 1853.

The remarkable fact about the lake is that the surface of the water is more than six thousand feet above sea-level. A rim of rock, varying in height from five hundred to two thousand feet, completely encircles the lake, and affords no outlet for the water. The water is thus contained in a tremendous pit, which is six miles in diameter, and nearly four thousand feet deep, and so extends from the crest of the Cascade Range down half-way to the sea-level. The outer slope of the encircling rim is gentle, but the inner side is almost perpendicular, the result being that the placid indigo-blue waters come into view suddenly at the foot of a precipice.

The lake is doubtless of volcanic origin. During the glacial period the mountain upon which the lake occurs was an active volcano. It is believed that after the final eruption the molten material of the interior withdrew, with the result that the summit of the mountain caved in and sank away, giving rise to the present great basin-like formation. The precipitation of rain and snow into this pit being greater than the loss of moisture by evaporation, the conditions were favorable for water accumulation, and Crater Lake gradually came into existence.

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Newspapers Without News

SPAIN is a country of 18,000,000 population, but there are fewer newspapers published in it—daily, weekly, monthly and bi-monthly—than are published in the single American State of Illinois, which, by the last Federal census, had a population of 3,800,000, says the New York Sun. And many, if not most, of the newspapers published in Spain are newspapers in name only, for their most distinguished characteristic is that they do not contain any news, being devoted to what are called "matters in general," or such matters in particular as permit of the publication of the paper any day of the week or any hour of the day—it doesn't make much difference which.

Barcelona is now the most populous of the Spanish cities, exceeding, by the recent census, the population of Madrid by several thousands. But the two Barcelona papers which have the largest circulation are El Loro (the Patriot), a Catalan journal devoted to jokes, and El Modo Español (the Spanish Fashions). As the Spanish fashions have been precisely the same for several centuries, without any deviation, the urgent necessity of publishing a newspaper devoted to them is not entirely clear.

Other Barcelona papers are the Voice of the Neighborhood, the Bludgeon (a satirical journal with a grewsome and gory name), Publicity, the organ of the Republicans, and the Family Pictorial. In Madrid, the capital, a newspaper which has been frequently referred to, in the cable despatches from Spain, during the past few days is La Epoca, a Conservative journal, which claims a circulation of five thousand. It makes a feature of foreign despatches—when it can. There are, approximately, twelve hundred papers in Spain. Nearly one-half of them are published in Barcelona or Madrid. The average circulation of a Spanish newspaper is about twelve hundred copies daily.

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Psalms That Have Won Battles

IT WOULD be difficult to find anything in the whole range of the soul's needs and aspirations that has not been wrought into hymnody, says the Silver Cross. The Psalms have been the solace and joy of Christian hearts, from the time when they were the responsive anthems of the Israelites, in solemn temple services, down through the period when martyr souls went home to God with their triumphant utterances upon their lips. After the victory of Dunbar, Cromwell and his army sang the 117th Psalm, "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great toward us; and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord." The 115th is also a battle song, memorable for being sung by the army of John Sobieski, King of Poland, at a turning-point in the struggle with the Turks at Vienna: "O, Israel, trust thou in the Lord; He is their help and their shield."

The 95th Psalm is famous as the chant of the Templars in their wars with the Saracens: "For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In His hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is His also." As Savonarola and his companions went to the stake they chanted a passage from the 68th Psalm (the Huguenot Song of Battles): "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits." The 118th Psalm was sung on bended knees by the Huguenots at Coutras: "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. All nations compassed me about; but in the name of the Lord will I destroy them." "The cowards beg for mercy," said courtiers in the opposing army. "No," replied an officer, "you may expect a stern fight from the men who sing psalms and pray devoutly."

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MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Captain Hart, the Famous Filibuster The case of Capt. John D. Hart, one of the few men convicted in the United States for attempting to convey a filibustering expedition to Cuba, has become notable, legally and sentimentally. No question is raised as to the righteousness of his condemnation and imprisonment. The United States was officially at peace with Spain at the time of his attempt, and was bound by treaty to use all its force to prevent the departure of his expedition. Since then, however, the United States has put itself in the position he occupied at the time of his attempt, and is endeavoring on a larger scale to do exactly what he was trying to do.

The nation is acting now on what it believes to be just and lawful grounds; he was acting surreptitiously on what he knew were illegal motives. He has already been punished by two years' imprisonment. There seems no reason to doubt the propriety of the Presidential pardon that has recently been granted. The law has been vindicated, and, besides, it is generally considered that war annuls all treaties between belligerents.

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The Temper of Gomez, the Cuban Leader Gomez, the Cuban leader, has a fiery temper, and often gives rein to it. Time and again the feelings of his staff have been outraged by his abuse, and the dissatisfaction among them came to the attention of the New York World's correspondent, Sylvester Scovel, who determined to be the instrument of correction. It is customary for the General to have read to him the letters of the journalists before they are mailed, and Scovel inserted in his article a paragraph about the necessity for cooperation and harmony among the rebel forces, which were endangered by the uncontrolled temper of the Commander-in-Chief. He concluded, "But surely the old Commander, who has given the best years of his life to the Cuban cause, will restrain himself in time."

Scovel waited outside while the interpreter translated the missive, nerving himself for a hurricane. At the closing passage the old General, whom no Cuban had ever dared criticise to his face, became ashen with rage. He listened with every muscle taut while the interpreter hesitated, mouthed and stammered over the closing lines.

There was a moment of silence, then Gomez rose. He went over to where Scovel still sat, put one arm over his shoulder and patted him, while moisture rolled under his spectacles and one tear slid down his furrowed cheek to the white mustache below. Next morning before marching Gomez ordered the assembly blown, and as publicly as he had reprimanded others he apologized to his officers in the presence of all the forces.

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Henri Rochefort, a Typical Frenchman Henri Rochefort, the editor of L'Intransigeant, who was recently wounded slightly in a duel, is by no means unknown to the American public. At present he is ardently supporting the United States against Spain, says the New York Times. Henri Rochefort is a very remarkable man, one of the most forceful writers in Paris, a vaudevillist, politician, journalist, and without doubt the greatest art critic in France, if not in the world. Beyond this his character presents strange contradictions in its various attributes. As editor of L'Intransigeant he is the high priest of Socialism; in private life, however, he is the most autocratic of French nobles, and although he pretends to have dropped his title, and should no longer be known as the Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay, he nevertheless has it engraved on one set of visiting-cards.

He has been in politics a great deal. In 1869 or a little earlier he founded, in collaboration with Victor Noir, the famous opposition paper of the day, La Marseillaise. It was his repeated attacks upon the Government in general, and in particular upon Prince Pierre Bonaparte, that caused the latter to assassinate M. Noir. He embraced the Commune, which followed the evacuation of Paris by the Germans, and was made President de la Commission des Barricades, and later he became the head of the Central Committee. One word from him would have saved the lives of the venerable hostages murdered by the desperate followers of the Red Flag. He has been a prisoner in Ste. Pelagie, and once had the questionable distinction of being released from his confinement by a Paris mob. He was once sent as a life prisoner to New Caledonia. He was one of the founders of L'Intransigeant in 1880, and since 1888 he has never failed to publish every day over his signature an editorial article. He deals only with great questions of the moment, and when he has once taken sides he never retreats from his position. With possibly the exception of Paul Cassagnac, M. Rochefort has fought more duels than any man in France. He is now sixty-eight years of age, and will doubtless until the end continue to live up to the full significance of the title of his journal—L'Intransigeant—which, when translated, means The Irreconcilable.

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Nellie Grant Sartoris Seeks Citizenship Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, daughter of the late General Grant, will soon be again clothed with her American citizenship, which she gave up when she married Algernon Sartoris, in 1874, and went to live with him in England, says the Chicago Evening Lamp. At the meeting of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs the other day, the bill restoring Mrs. Sartoris to her citizenship was brought up for consideration, and was favorably reported on. The Sartoris-Grant wedding took place in the White House, and was a grand affair. Her reception in England was as sincere as the regrets which followed her when she expatriated herself. She lived in England until recently. There her children were brought up, and her husband's people were devoted to her and her little ones. The marriage, as every one knows, turned out unhappily, and when Mr. Sartoris died his widow's friends felt a decided relief. Mrs. Sartoris is a year or two past forty, but preserves a wonderfully youthful appearance. She is slightly under the medium height, with the figure of a girl. Her voice is low and gentle, and her manner quiet and refined. Mrs. Sartoris has a son and two daughters. Algernon Edward is a manly young fellow who looks older than his nineteen years. Miss Vivian May Sartoris is a typical English girl, who is proud that she is half American. Rose Mary Sartoris, is now pursuing her studies in Georgetown Convent, and she promises to be a beautiful woman.

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Rear-Admiral Kirkland Soon to be Retired William A. Kirkland, Commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard at San Francisco, will reach the age of retirement from the Navy on July 3 next. He is one of the eight men in the Navy who fly the flag of a Rear-Admiral, and is the senior member of that number. Admiral Kirkland is a Southerner, having been appointed from South Carolina. He entered the Navy in 1850, and served in the Pacific Squadron.

During the early part of the Civil War he was a Lieutenant-Commander in Chinese waters, and was not recalled until 1864. He was then given command of the ironclad Winnebago and served under Rear-Admiral Thatcher during the attack upon the defenses of Mobile which resulted in the surrender of the Confederate fleet. On March 1, 1895, he was appointed Rear-Admiral. In October of the same year Kirkland came into prominence because of a letter written to his friend, Mr. Faure, congratulating him upon his having been chosen President of the French Republic. In May, 1896, Rear-Admiral Kirkland was ordered to the Mare Island Navy Yard, where he has ever since remained.

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Chief Rabah's Romantic Career Chief Rabah, the "Arab Napoleon," the ci-devant follower of Suleiman Zubeir, the conqueror of Baghirmi and Bornu, whose career is one of the most fascinating in African annals, has invaded the Fulani or Foulah Empire of Sokoto, says the London Chronicle, and, after suffering a serious reverse at the hands of the Sultan, has emerged victorious from the struggle and captured Kano, the great metropolis of the Western Central Soudan, where he now reigns supreme.

The career of Rabah is varied. After driving out the Sultan of Kuka (at the end of 1894), and subduing a portion of the Bornuese, Rabah rested a while at Kuka. He subsequently threatened Yola, capital of Odamawa, the most southerly province of the Fulani Empire, thus seriously menacing British influence on the Binue. A secret mission organized, or at any rate approved, by the British Government, staved off the danger. But the restless adventurer could not remain quiescent. He invaded the Sokoto Empire, marched upon Sokoto City, and was defeated, owing mainly to the want of ammunition. Recovering, he advanced upon Kano, overthrew the Fulani forces and took possession of the city.

For nearly one hundred years the Fulani have been the dominating factor in this part of Africa, which they converted to Mahometanism. Alien in race, superior in intelligence and organizing power, they seem to have ruled at the time of their early successes with a rod of iron, but power has generated indolence, wealth and demoralization; and of late years the Fulani have greatly deteriorated, and the military genius of Rabah has apparently been too much in Kano. The Arab Napoleon has secured a rich prize; London is not more known throughout the Continent of Europe than is Kano throughout the Soudan. Clapperton and Barth have left records of its marvelous richness and prosperity; the population is estimated at 100,000, while the number of people who pass through it in the course of the year exceeds two millions. Kano is the great emporium of the kola nut, and exports quantities of specially manufactured cloth, dyed a deep indigo blue, which is famous throughout Africa, from Tripoli to Lagos.

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Florence Nightingale, the Soldiers' Idol Miss Florence Nightingale has just celebrated, in quiet retirement, the seventy-eighth anniversary of her birth. As her name implies, she was born in the Italian City of Flowers, says the Golden Penny, and before her journey to the Crimea she had for a long time been engaged in philanthropic work. When the mismanagement of the hospitals at the seat of war raised such a cry of public condemnation, the authorities at the War Office invited Miss Nightingale to proceed to Scutari as directress of a body of thirty-four nurses, and she arrived in time to receive the wounded from Inkerman, soon having no fewer than 10,000 sick men in charge. In a very short time she had worked miracles, and it is not too much to say that the troops idolized her. It was entirely characteristic of the lady to refuse the testimonial of $250,000 collected and offered to her on her return from the East in 1856. By her wish the money was devoted to founding the Nightingale Home in England for training nurses.

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George Gissing, a Vigorous English Writer Considerable attention has been directed to Mr. George Gissing, the novelist, by the appearance of his latest work, Charles Dickens, a Critical Study. He was born at Wakefield, England, on November 22, 1857. His early years were spent in the atmosphere of schools, although his life as a schoolmaster is, perhaps, less reflected in his many powerful novels than in the very able volume on Charles Dickens. His love of scholarship, however, is profound, and in personal intercourse one sees less of the grim realist than of the scholar who delights to talk of Sappho and Æschylus, of Horace and Lucretius. Some of his first stories were published serially in the Cornhill Magazine, but he first came prominently before the public as a powerful writer of realistic fiction by his novel, New Grub Street, which appeared in 1891. Since then each successive year has produced a strong book from his pen; Born in Exile, Denzil Quarrier, The Odd Women, In the Year of Jubilee, being some of the best known. In all these books, as in his short stories, Mr. Gissing has touched with extraordinary vigor and insight the life of the lower middle class in England—the class which Dickens idealized so delightfully, but which Mr. Gissing makes one see in an atmosphere of sordid struggle, of vulgar enthusiasm over trifles, of hideous furniture and decoration. In his presentation of some of these things Mr. Gissing is scarcely any less effective than Balzac himself.

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Miss Helen Gould's Benefactions Miss Helen Gould has endowed the School of Engineering, University of New York, with an additional $10,000, which brings her benefactions to a total of $60,000. This, says the Philadelphia Ledger, does not represent all that she is supposed to have contributed to the University of New York. A contribution of $250,000 was made on May 27, 1895, with the proviso that the name of the giver should be kept secret. It was generally rumored that the unknown contributor was Miss Gould, who wished in this way to make amends for the omission of any bequest to the university in her father's will. Miss Gould's benefactions to charitable and educational institutions have been countless, but so great has been her dislike to the association of her name with them that only a small part of her good work is known. Her sympathies have gone forth especially for the relief of poor children. Among the institutions under her special patronage are a home for tenement-house children at Tarrytown, and the Kindergarten and Potted Plant Association near that place, to which she recently gave a valuable tract of land. At the time of the great tornado in St. Louis she immediately contributed $100,000 for the relief of the homeless sufferers. She presented a scholarship to Wellesley College a year ago, and last January gave $5000 to found a scholarship at Mount Holyoke College, in Massachusetts, in memory of her mother.

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F. Hopkinson Smith's Collection of Bric-à-Brac Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the author and art critic, whose latest book, Caleb West, is attracting considerable attention, is a very busy man, a deep student, an observing traveler, and withal interestingly Bohemian in his tastes. He is everywhere at home on earth, says Roger Riordan, in the Critic. His house, filled with curios and art treasures, is most interesting. It is a sort of *entrepôt* and headquarters where he stores his spoils of travel, and is located in East Thirty-fourth Street, New York. Its staircase is lined with sketches, its reception-room with old brocade, and his studio, on the top floor, is full of Chinese embroideries, Venetian mirrors, Mexican pottery, Japanese masks, Turkish rugs, Cuban machetes, Spanish water-jars, and old Dutch copper vessels.

By each of these hangs a tale. This bit of flowered brocade has clothed a statue of the virgin. It was her feast-day at Guanajuato, and he "piously presented her with a new robe and as piously carried off the old one." Espero has brought him his coffee in this quaint little copper coffee-pot upon the Grand Canal, and a Dordrecht waitress has yielded to him these shining silver plates.

There are souvenirs of places and people of many climes. There are numerous tiles painted by members of the Tile Club, Chase and Abbey and others, and in an ancient cupboard a set of old China, a legacy from a lady who once upon a time entertained wealthy artists in a condemned canal-boat upon the Harlem. This man of artistic tastes will tell you he is an engineer by profession, and practices literature and painting for relaxation. He is most willing to talk about the principles which should govern the artist. He avows his belief in the naturalistic school. It is his ambition, often expressed, to depict the American workingman as he really is, and there are few writers so well prepared for the task. He knows the life from within and without. The time was when the artist-author was one of the army of breadwinners. At sixteen he worked in a store, and for two years, as he expresses it, carried his dinner-pail like any ordinary day-laborer.

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The Mental Collapse of Munkacsy, the Painter A pathetic picture of Munkacsy's unhappy condition was published from the pen of the Vienna correspondent of the London Morning Post, who says that the great Hungarian painter lives, but, in the words of his wife, "his soul is dead." For a long time hope was entertained of an eventual recovery, but at last came the pronouncement that his malady was incurable. When the symptoms made their appearance, Madame Munkacsy had her husband removed for treatment to Endenich, near Bonn. He is still there, leading as quiet and peaceful a life as his benighted condition allows.

Madame Munkacsy lives at the Castle Colpach, in Luxembourg. She is only six miles from the sanatorium, and the meetings of the artist and his wife are frequent. She relates some touching details of a recent walk which she took with her husband at Endenich. She had sought to recall the past to him to see if his mind could be reawakened. "Don't you know, Miksa," she said to him, "that your fame has never been greater than just now? Your works are admired everywhere." Munkacsy turned his eyes on her, but made no reply. She thereon advised him to send for his utensils from Paris, and recommence his work, but the only response she received was, "I cannot." There was one fleeting moment, however, when the light of the past seemed to illuminate his mind. Suddenly raising his eyes to Heaven, Munkacsy exclaimed, "It is only from there that my recovery can come." Madame Munkacsy is in Paris in order to remove to her castle some valuable mementoes of the master's career, such as the wreaths, palm branches, and other loving tributes from his many admirers. Only very recently the rumor was current that his condition was not absolutely hopeless, and that he might be restored. It is sincerely to be hoped that the rumor may be correct.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

POEMS OF BABYHOOD

By MRS. CRAIK and THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

WITH A DRAWING BY HENRY HUTT

VIII

PHILIP, MY KING

By DINAH MULOCH CRAIK

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy Queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified! Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

Up from thy sweet mouth—unto thy brow,
Philip, my King!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King!
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the King!"

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IX

The BALLAD of BABIE BELL

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to Heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!

Oh, Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born!
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, Dear Christ!—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.
And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel-nature ripened, too.
We thought her lovely when she came
But she was holy, saintly now;—
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

"WHO BEARS UPON HIS BABY BROW THE ROUND AND TOP OF SOVEREIGNTY"

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key,
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees;
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands;
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!
And then went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

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X

OUR LITTLE QUEEN

[The author of this exquisite poem is unknown]

COULD you have seen the violets
That blossomed in her eyes;
Could you have kissed the golden hair,
And drank those holy sighs,
You would have been her tiring-maid
As joyfully as I,
Content to dress your little Queen,
And let the world go by.

Could you have seen those violets
Hide in their graves of snow;
Drawn all that gold along your hand
While she lay smiling so,
Oh, you would tread this weary earth
As heavily as I!
Content to clasp her little grave,
And let the world go by.

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Philip, the Blind Poet

PHILIP, MY KING, was written by Mrs. Dinah Maria Muloch Craik, whose name is best known to the world by her novel, John Halifax, Gentlemen, though she wrote about thirty volumes in all—fiction, poetry, essays and translations. She was born in England in 1826, the daughter of a clergyman of wide learning, who superintended her education and encouraged her early efforts. In 1865 Miss Muloch married George Lillie Craik, Professor of English Literature at Queen's College, Belfast.

Philip, My King, the most popular of her poems, was inspired by Philip Bourke Marston, her godson. Marston, when a child, received an accidental blow in the eye which eventually produced total blindness. He was a poet of fine mind and the author of beautiful verse. By a singular coincidence, he died in 1887, the same year as his godmother, Mrs. Craik. From the age of twenty to the time of his death his life was a tragic series of personal losses.

One of the most pathetic incidents in literature made a dark chapter in his life. He was one day in earnest conversation with the woman who had promised to be his wife. Suddenly she stopped speaking. He called to her and received no answer. He called again, but there was no response. Then he shrieked her name, and, falling from his chair, in an agony of fear groped his way to her side. He touched her dress; he beseeched her to speak; then he put his hand to her face—and found she was dead.

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Thomas Bailey Aldrich's First Success

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL was one of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's earliest literary productions. When he wrote it the author was only nineteen years of age—about the age of Bryant when he wrote Thanatopsis. The poem was sent to the leading periodicals and finally to the Journal of Commerce, the editor of which sent a note of acceptance, inclosing five dollars.

The story of this ballad is founded on fact, the beautiful child being a near relative of the author. On its first appearance, the poem attracted the attention of Mr. Frederick S. Cozzens, who made an appointment with Aldrich to come to his place of business and meet Fitz-Greene Halleck, who had expressed a desire to know the author of the poem. "Halleck was most delightfully kind and complimentary," says Aldrich. But misfortune overtook Aldrich's father, and the boy entered the counting-room of his uncle. This sort of life proved uncongenial, and he decided to devote all his time to literature. He at first engaged as a reader of manuscript for a publishing house, but soon became assistant editor on a New York weekly publication. From this he arose to be editor-in-chief, and then started a weekly called the Saturday Press. He later became editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

NO WORKS on travel are of more absorbing interest, or hold the reader more fascinated, than those dealing with that region so comparatively unexplored and so fragmentarily described—the frozen North. But the literature of Arctic exploration has just received a distinct addition in Northward Over the "Great Ice," by Robert E. Peary, Civil Engineer, United States Navy.

The work is published in two volumes by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York. Remarkable for his daring journeys into that frozen realm, and still more remarkable for the results he has achieved, Peary should command attention because he is an American. This book—his first—is interesting from the start to the finish.

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The reader is not burdened with an indigestible mass of scientific detail, and yet the objects and results of each of Peary's expeditions are fully told. The work is profusely illustrated, and in the majority of cases the illustrations are well chosen. The studies of the Eskimo male and female figures are interesting and instructive ethnologically, but those illustrating certain legends and strained attempts at "fancy" pictures are in poor taste. Aside from this, however, the book is deserving of great praise.

The story is a chronicle of Peary's work purely, and avoids a resumé of the work of previous explorers. Mr. Peary excuses himself for being original in this regard, and says that this is not because he does not appreciate the magnificent achievements and has not profited by the experiences of Kane, Hayes, Hall, Greely, Melville, and the long list of his gallant countrymen, as well as explorers of other countries, but because he considers that he has neither the room nor the right to rehash their experiences and results. The interested reader can go to their original narratives, and there learn in their own words as much or as little of the work of those explorers as he pleases.

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The book describes all of Peary's work of discovery and explorations in Arctic realms. In 1886 he made a summer voyage to Greenland. In 1891-92 he made a 13-months' sojourn in Northern Greenland, including a 1200-mile sledge journey across the ice-cap and the determination of the insularity of Greenland. From 1893 to 1895 Peary has spent twenty-five months in North Greenland, made a second 1200-mile sledge journey across the ice-cap, completed the study of the Whale Sound natives, and discovered the great Cape York meteorites. In 1896 and 1897 he made summer voyages and secured the last and the largest of the great Cape York meteorites—the 90-ton mass.

His description of Greenland is not only excellent, but serves to throw light on the land about which the average reader has but the vaguest idea. "Greenland," he says, "is the pendant brooch in the glittering necklace of snow and ice which circles the North Pole. It is an Arctic continent, the most interesting of Arctic lands; the land of startling contrasts; a land of midnight suns and noonday nights; of tropical skies and eternal ice; of mountains with sides still tinged with the deep warm glow of ancient volcanic fires, and summits hidden beneath caps of everlasting snow. Its area is from 740,000 to 750,000 square miles—about the same as that of Mexico, and four times the area of the New England and Middle States.

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"The interior of Greenland to-day is simply an elevated, unbroken plateau of snow, lifted from 5000 to 8000 and even 10,000 feet above the level of the sea; a huge, white, glistening shield some 1200 miles in length and 500 miles in width, resting on the supporting mountains. It is an Arctic Sahara, in comparison with which the African Sahara is insignificant. For on this frozen Sahara of inner Greenland occurs no form of life, animal or vegetable; no fragment of rock, no grain of sand is visible. The traveler across its frozen wastes, traveling as I have, week after week, sees, outside of himself and his own party, but three things in all the world—infinite expanse of the frozen plain, the infinite dome of the blue sky, and the cold, white sun—nothing but these."

Northward Over the "Great Ice"

By Robert E. Peary, Civil Engineer, U. S. N.

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In a modest way Mr. Peary briefly describes improvements which he has effected in Arctic explorations, and which, until the appearance of this book, were comparatively unknown, or, at least, not attributed to him. He says, "I can claim to be the originator of the idea of utilizing the dogs themselves as dog-food. In my various expeditions I have introduced for the first time, and determined the feasibility of, several new features of prononnced value to the Arctic explorer, as the design for winter quarters, the use of the odometer, barograph and thermograph, the discarding of the hitherto supposedly indispensable sleeping-bag.

"There is also a phase of my work which has a deeply human interest, and that is its connection with, and effect upon, the very small but extremely interesting tribe, or perhaps I might more properly say family, of the human race—the little community of Eskimos, the most northernly known individuals of the human race, numbering but two hundred and *fifty-three*, living at, and north of, Cape York, completely isolated from the rest of mankind by impassable barriers of perpetual snow and ice.

"The effect of my expeditions upon those children of the North has been to raise the entire tribe to a condition of affluence. Seven years ago, many a man in this tribe possessed no knife, and many a woman no needle. Few of the men possessed kayaks, or skin canoes; and he was indeed well off who had a spear or harpoon shaft made of a single piece of wood. To-day, men and women are amply supplied with knives and needles; every adult man and half-grown boy has his canoe; most of the men have guns; and every hunter is supplied with the best of wood for his lance, his harpoon, his seal spear and his sledge, and all his utensils.

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"I feel also that I am justified in thinking that I am largely, if not almost entirely, responsible for the present renaissance of Arctic interest, which, started by my expedition of 1891-92, is still increasing in volume.

"Other things which my work has established are: that long sledge journeys may be undertaken with safety even in Arctic night; that white men can remain in high latitudes for long periods without fear of that dread of Arctic explorers, scurvy; that very small parties are the only ones suited for effective work in the Arctic regions; that the work of Northern explorations can be prosecuted upon an economical basis, and that it can be done without loss of life."

As to the effect which the terrible, dazzling whiteness of the snow has upon the eyes, Mr. Peary says: "My feet and snowshoes were sharp and clear as silhouettes, and I was conscious of contact with the snow at every step, yet, as far as my eyes gave me evidence to the contrary, I was walking upon nothing. The space between my snowshoes was equally as light as the zenith. The opaque light which filled the sphere of vision might come from below as well as above. Never shall I forget, though I cannot describe, the impressions made by these surroundings. The strain, both physical and mental, of this blindness with wide-open eyes was such that after a time I would be obliged to stop until the passing of the fog, or formation of the higher clouds, gave me something to keep the course by."

Another portion of his book which makes most interesting reading is his account of the securing of the great meteorite. The difficulties to be surmounted in removing this mighty celestial visitor can scarcely be conceived by the lay mind.

While Peary's explorations and the results of his expeditions have made him one of the leading Arctic explorers of the world, his book marks him as a most fascinating writer as well. His contemplated journey to the frozen North will be eagerly watched, and his success will be sincerely hoped for not only by scientists, but by all who come into closer touch with the man through his Northward Over the "Great Ice."

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Cheerful Yesterdays, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.—Not only has the author known "those who created American literature, and who freed millions of slaves," but he himself has had no insignificant part in both of these achievements. His yesterdays are those when Wendell Phillips stirred the nation from the platform of Faneuil Hall, and Emerson, Hawthorne, and the other members of that famous group, made Boston the centre of all things literary in America. It is of these times and of these men that he writes, filling his pages with delightful anecdotes and diverting reminiscences. The easy, fluent style in which these are told is characteristic of the author and adds to the charm of the book. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

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The Awakening of a Nation, by Charles F. Lummis.—Though the average American has learned something about Cuba during the last three months, our nearest neighbor on the south, Mexico, is little more than a pink place on the map to him. This ignorance is Mr. Lummis' justification for his book. "I have not yet," he says, "seen Mexico given justice as a human quantity, an ambitious marcher in the procession of nations. And that is what she is. He describes the marvelous natural resources of the country, the development of its industries, and the encouragement of everything that makes for the highest civilization." Under the Government of Diaz, whom the author considers the greatest figure in the world's politics for the last half century, order and stability have succeeded a state of chronic revolution. "To-day," is the conclusion, "Mexico is the safest country in America. Life, property, human rights are more secure than even with us." (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

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Tales of the City Room, by Elizabeth G. Jordan.—The best of these stories is the first, Ruth Herrick's Assignment. Only one who has worked in the city room can appreciate to the full the trying situation in which the tender-hearted newspaper woman found herself. She had been sent to interview a woman charged with murder. Her sympathetic manner moved the prisoner to confess that she had committed the crime, but under terrible provocation. It was the old choice between the lady and the tiger. If Ruth Herrick published the story, she sent the woman to unjust punishment. If she suppressed it she betrayed her paper and risked her situation. Was ever girl in worse predicament? But she chose like a woman. At the Close of the Second Day, and Mrs. Ogilvie's Local Color present other phases of the newspaper woman's trials and dangers. Nor are they far behind the first tale in point of interest and in the charm of the telling. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

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The Broom of the War God, by Henry Noel Brailsford.—This is the story of an Englishman who followed the flag of Greece in the recent war between that country and Turkey. It gives a vivid picture of the horde of adventurers, men of all nationalities, who were drawn to Thessaly by the desire for a life of action or the hope of winning personal distinction. This foreign legion had, it seems, a thorough contempt for the Greeks and a correspondingly deep respect for the fighting abilities of the Turks. The Crown Prince is described by Mr. Brailsford as having "a heavy face of the Romanoff cast, a degenerate type of a race never famed for courage." Varatasi, on the other hand, is drawn as the genuine and typical Greek hero. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

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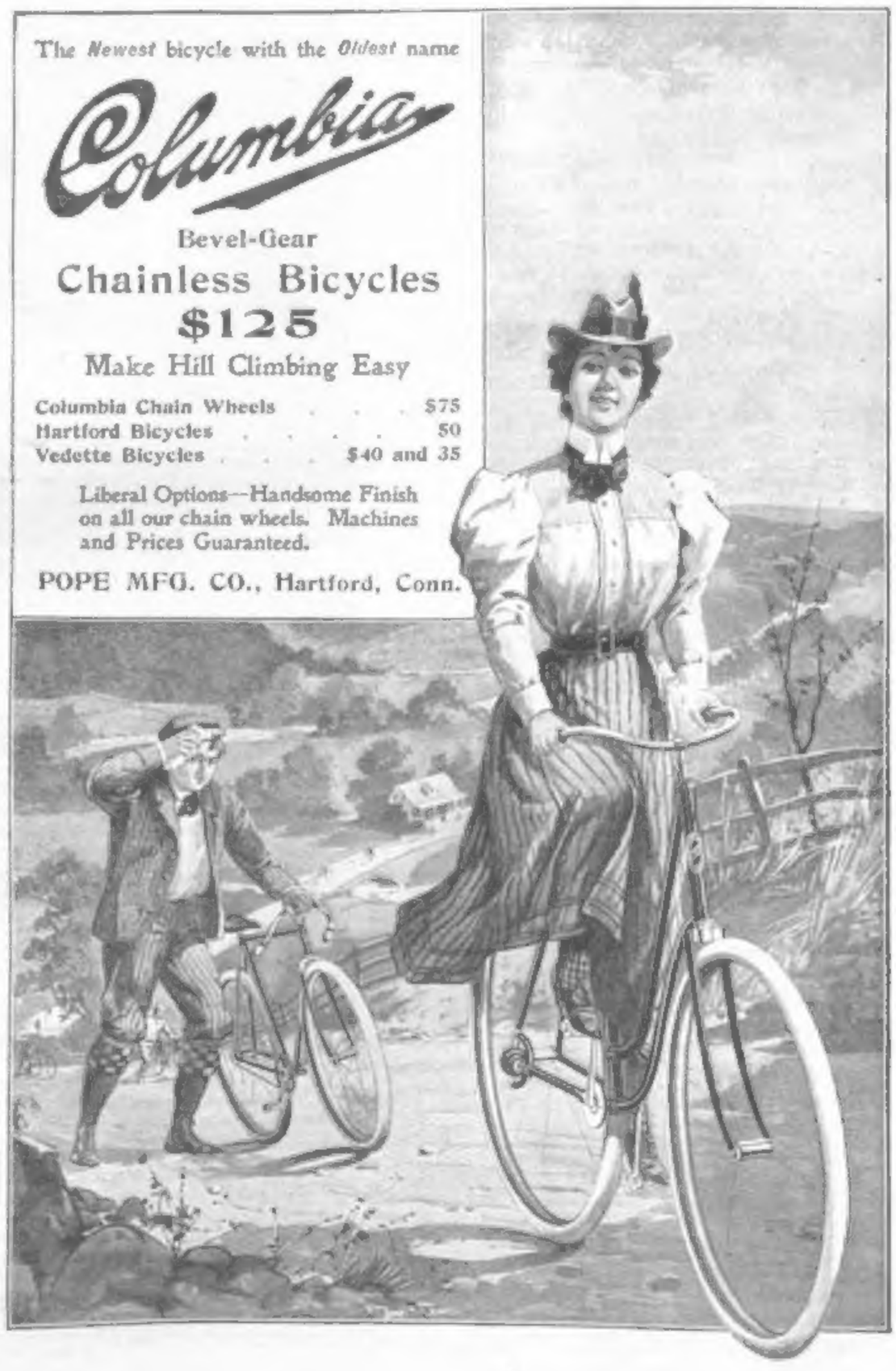
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